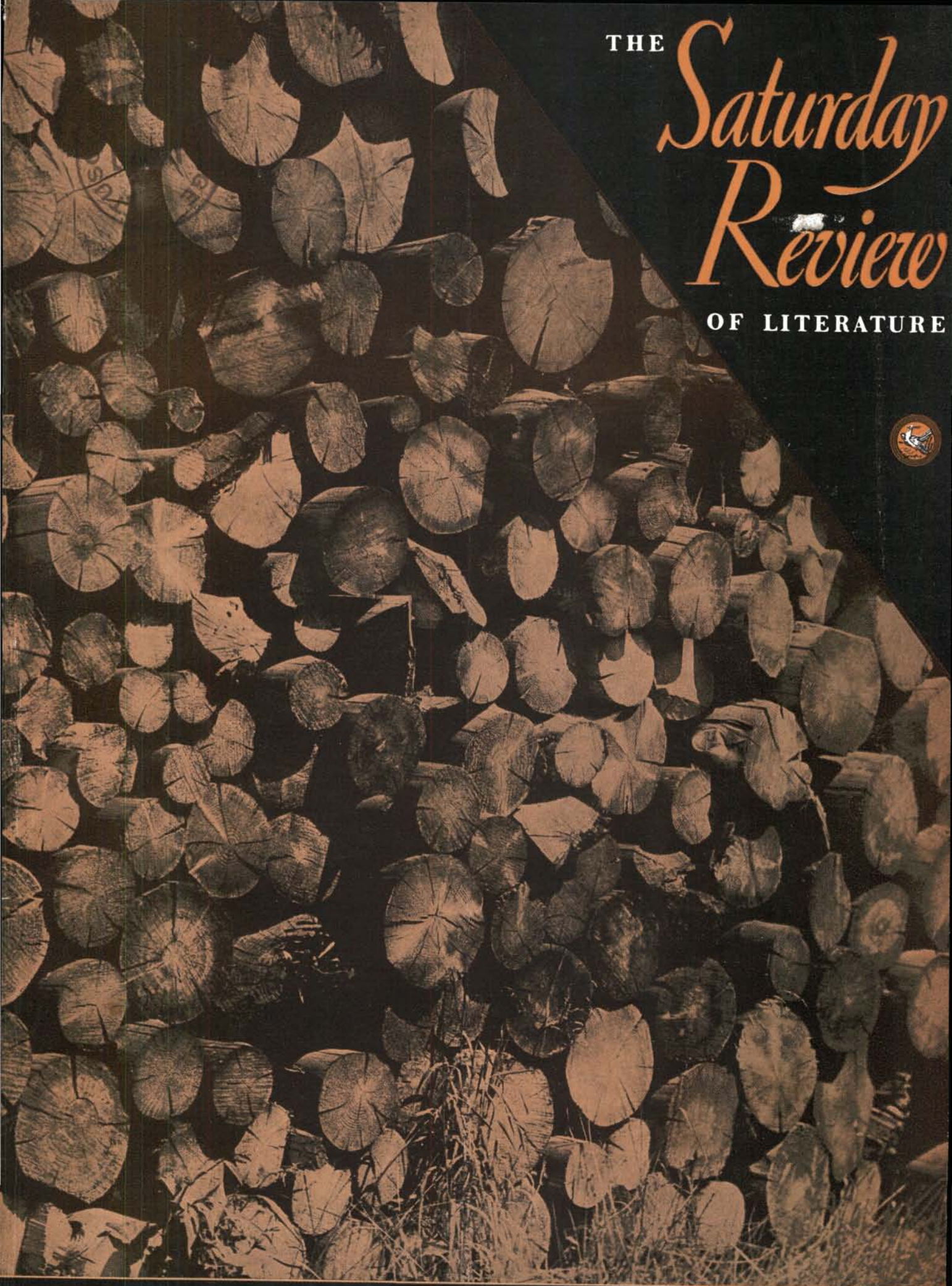

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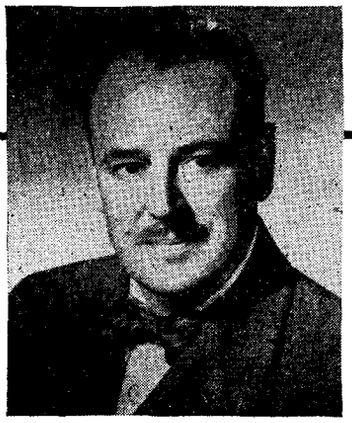

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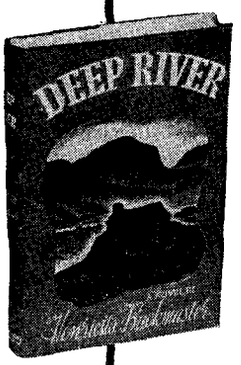

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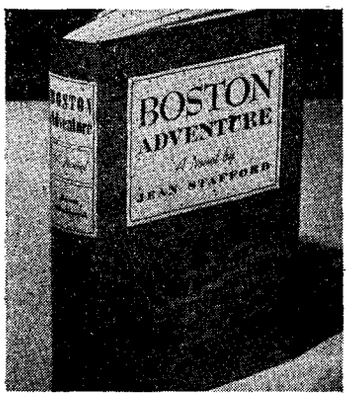

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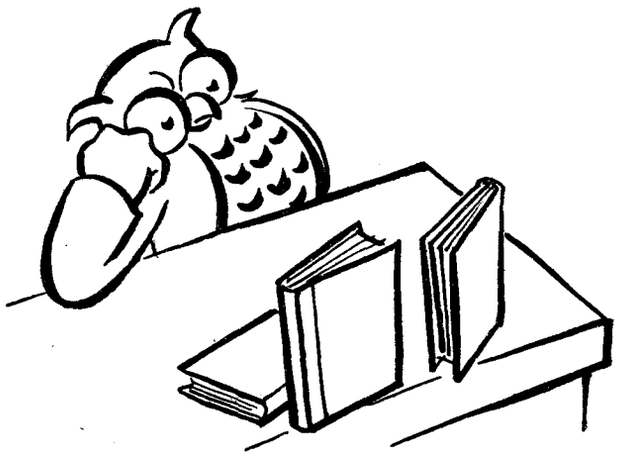

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Under an English Heaven

LIEUT. JOHN MASON BROWN, USNR

NO two people are at once as similar and dissimilar as are the English and the Americans. Mr. Shaw once insisted that we were two peoples separated by the same language. Perhaps, if our tongues were as similar in their accents as are our hearts, our understanding of one another would be greater. The tragedy is that in our eagerness to relish the differences which divide us, we both overlook the similarities which unite us, though for the sake of the world's happiness these alone are what matter.

All of us approached England with an England already in our minds. It was either an England we had known and thought we knew or an England we had heard, though never thought, about. It was an England which her literature and our travel had made real, or which our funny papers and stage types had made ridiculous. In either case it was a mythical kingdom, bearing no relation to the changed England of the war years.

If you talked to many of our men, including those who frankly admitted they had known little about England, or to our officers, including those who were guilty of the fatal tourist's mistake of thinking they knew a lot, you realized how odd were the preconceptions we Americans brought with us. These could not have been odder unless they had been the notions entertained by equivalent Englishmen on the subject of America and Americans.

The untraveled go on the most dangerous journeys, because they are never confronted with what would change their minds. The only travelers as dangerous as those who form their opinions without leaving home are those who might just as well have stayed there, because their preconceptions and their prejudices (for or against) are the heaviest luggage they carry.

Among our men were those, of course, whose elderly aunts had, so to speak, been snubbed by an English lady on a street car in Portland or Kansas City. And those whose uncles had been smiled upon by King George and Queen Mary at a large garden party given at Buckingham Palace some twenty years ago. These men had been conditioned accordingly. They arrived mobilized for snubs or smiles and were not only avid in their search for them, but disappointed if they did not receive them.

The England some of our men brought with them to England seemed to be an odd jumble of many things. It was a potpourri of grandfather's tales (as if England had not altered since grandfather had gone there for two weeks in 1907); of fox-hunting prints; of Pickwickian expectations; of vaudeville sketches and musical comedy lampoons about English lords sporting monocles and walrus mustaches; of father's recollections of the last war, when his outfit had been stationed next to a British unit or when he had seen "Chu Chin Chow" during a London leave; of Henry VIII as Charles Laughton and Queen Victoria as Helen Hayes or Anna Neagle; of "Ivanhoe," Kipling, and "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; of William Shakespeare at the World's Fair in Chicago or in a Nebraska classroom, or of Robert Taylor at Oxford.

Strangely intermingled with such documentation were hazy and contradictory memories which ranged from Braddock's defeat, the Boston Tea Party, the Declaration of Independence, and the burning of Washington right down to newsreels of the Blitz, Dunkerque, the King, and Mr. Churchill; to Ed Murrow's London broadcasts; to such movies as "Mrs. Miniver," "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," and "In Which We Serve"; to such a poem as "White Cliffs"; or to such a song as "There'll Always Be an England."

Our first search, like theirs, was, naturally enough, for oddity. We wanted England to be English (whatever that meant), though we judged it for not being American. They wanted us to be Americans (whatever that meant), though they judged us for not being like themselves. We hoped they would be quaint, top-lofty, reserved, and either ducal or old-retainerish; they hoped we would be breezy, boastful, boisterous, and just a touch red-skinned.

Both expectations were surprisingly antiquated. Many of the English would have been the happier in their hearts had we been a cross between "Brewster's Millions," William S. Hart, and

—*"War Pictures by British Artists."*

English soldiers and their girls. From the drawing by Edward Ardizzone.

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Al Capone. Many of our men were secretly disappointed because the English were not more like Dickens, "Ruggles of Red Gap," and our comics.

Some of our servicemen approached the British with minds torn between a wholehearted admiration for Britain's war record and an unconscious recollection of what their grandfathers had laughed at in Mark Twain. Many Britishers saw us, without meaning to do so, through the eyes of Mrs. Trollope, even though they hoped to identify us with our hot music or our movies. If, at the outset, both of us wanted to laugh good-naturedly at the other, it was because ridicule is everyone's first line of defense against the strange.

WE, in the services, who were there in wartime could never pretend to know England well. We were too chained to our Commands to enjoy even a tourist's freedom. And the British were too grimly occupied with the war to form opinions which were more than individually accurate about us. When we met our kind among them, they were our kind; and passports only kept the conversation going. If we made friends, they forgot we were Americans as rapidly as we forgot they were British. We ceased to be nationals, except for the fun of argument, and became people.

Still, we could no more escape the larger, indefinable differences than the English could. Generalizations about nations have a stubborn way of retaining their elements of truth, however false or misleading they may be. It amused, and sometimes relieved, us to indulge in these generalizations, even as it must have often amused, and relieved, the English to do the same thing. Doubtless, in the British fashion, we found much pleasure in noting the superficial differences. There were new and unsuspected traits to be observed, however, no less than the expected characteristics.

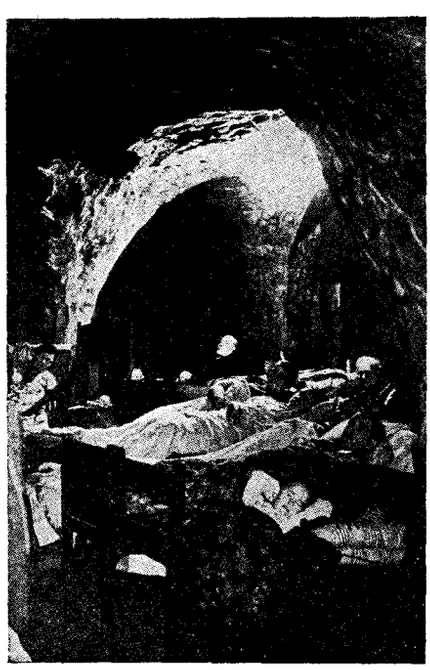
Though well-intentioned and in most ways helpful, the brochures we were all handed, and the lectures to which we listened in the sardine comfort of our transports when nearing England, erred in being too thorough. Their catalogue of national differences made us self-conscious and tended to persuade those who were visiting the UK for the first time that they were Gullivers about to set foot on an incredible land.

Some Americans, whose chief contact with the British was with their telephone operators, did not become Anglophiles. To put through a call in wartime London was more than a chore; it was a profession. The operators had a way of treating the telephone as if it were not here to stay—which was just the opposite of their attitude toward you.

Although our average sailors and soldiers appeared to be larger, stronger, more self-possessed, and better educated than their Cockney cousins, the same thing was not true of our Junior Officers. We could not help noticing that the average cultivated Britisher, at any age, seemed about a century older than the equivalent American. Not in looks, because the English can remain Romney cherubs in the pinkness of their skins and the clearness of their eyes until they reach for their last whisky and soda. No. But a hundred years older in worldliness. From babyhood they had inhaled the atmosphere of the Old World, and we the atmosphere of the New. This had aged their spirits even as it had caused us to resist maturity.

Somehow, they seemed more basted in world affairs than we were. Their minds had never halted at their island coasts, which are their natural frontiers. The world has been needed to hold their nationals and their nation. Both their thinking and their phrasing made this clear. They, too, may have had no more than country-club minds, but their country clubs, under whatever names they traveled, had the specious allure of faraway places.

If the British had lost the spiritual freshness which was ours, it was because the global dilemmas, which we as a people were just then beginning to face in earnest, had for centuries been commonplaces to their forebears. They were born believing not that the world was their oyster, but that its pearls were their inheritance. This explained their difficulties and some of our difficulties with them.



—"Britain at War."

This South Coast prehistoric cave, near Dover, served as a bomb-shelter.

As a rule, they hid their enthusiasms as zealously as we exposed ours. Where they seemed to us blasé because incredulous, we must have seemed to them naïve because of our anxiety to believe everything that both we and they said. The more knowing among them may have been denied the joys of wonder, but they were spared the pains of disenchantment.

IT was not that they were disillusioned. It was merely that they appeared to have been born without illusions. Obviously, they had long been settlers in regions of thought and enterprise which we were still approaching as discoverers. They were surprised mainly by our surprise. They faced facts as naturally as we embraced ideals. We were the more material people, they the more practical. Although they did not have our genius for mechanization, our absorption in gadgets, or our desire for small comforts, they got along nicely without them. Figures mattered as much to them as things do to us. Their practicality extended to their ideals.

The Empire was more with them than our government had been with us. They had a gift for remembering the Empire's future business while not forgetting their own momentary pleasures. Although their young naval officers had encircled the globe, they had never traveled only as tourists. They had visited the hot spots, the post-card places, and the museums with our avidity. But they had also made mental notes of harbors, fortifications, and local industries. Just in case.

Most of them were people whose lives were made secure by professions and enriched by avocations, whereas the majority of us, even if we had professions, liked to pretend they were no more than jobs. They had no false modesty, but we had less candid pride.

They were not embarrassed, in our fashion, by knowledge and did not share our inexplicable fear that strangers might suspect us of having had a university education. The cricket fans among them, who were officers, were as fond of quoting poetry as our officers, who were baseball addicts, were pleased by remembering scores. When they quoted English poetry, they knew it, old and new and by the page, and did not halt, as we did, with the first lines of "Snowbound" or "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere.

Though we appeared to have the more fertile minds, they enjoyed the greater felicity of phrase and the greater conversational stamina. Their education endowed the English with this advantage. They were equipped to sustain the illusion of culture, sometimes where no real culture or

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insight existed. We were prepared to deny it. Theirs was the smoother patter. They could be as suave in advancing their bromides as we could be gauche in establishing our originalities.

They could talk well—publicly no less than privately—even when they had nothing to say; whereas we, so easy in our small talk, usually stammered when we had the bigger things on our minds. Their only trouble as conversationalists was that sometimes they were more fond of telling than of asking. Their lack of curiosity was not a sign that they had no desire to know. It was a betrayal that they thought they knew already. This was one of their signs of national age.

They were the best of epitaph writers, even if they failed signally where they ought to have excelled—namely, in the snobbish overwriting which spoils the noblest lines on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. But they had not been brought up on the King James Bible for nothing. Their statesmen have always shown a greater talent than have ours for paraphrasing the Testaments when they have wished to spiritualize pragmatic public acts.

THE English were planners where we were improvisers. They thought in terms of fifty years where we thought in terms of a normal Presidential term, if, indeed, we thought that far. They lacked our gusto as surely as we lacked their equability. We were volatile where they were traditional, and unpredictable where they were certain.

If we amused them by always rushing off somewhere, even if we had nothing to do when we got there, they could infuriate us by remaining calm and unmoved, in spite of the fact that they ought to have got going long ago. Although their minds appeared to move more slowly than ours, this was not necessarily because they were slower in their thinking. It may have been because they were thinking ahead. Their leisure was as much a proof of their self-control as our energy was of our spontaneity.

They respected their right to stand in a queue as much as we rejoiced in ours to shove, or be shoved, into a bus. This was just one of the ways in which they confessed their greater love for law and order.

They were class-conscious, not because they wanted to do away with class distinctions, but because they liked the settled feeling it gave them to know that those who had got ahead would stay there. In laughter they were apt to be as estranged from us as *The New Yorker* is from *Punch*. Their fondness for the drawings in the latter revealed how close they

were to the illustrator of "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby" in the visual techniques even of their humor.

They were men living in a world run for men, whereas we were men temporarily removed from a world run for women. This may have explained the different degrees in our male assurance.

The old, and insufferable, arrogance of the British had largely gone. It had disappeared with the pre-Singapore Englishman, for whose mentality Britain had little respect since it had cost them so much. I looked in vain for the kind of Englishwoman, equipped with the nudging elbows out of which Empire is made, whom I remembered with alarm from the thirties. She had passed through a line of Americans waiting to disembark at a Swedish port, saying, "If you'll just let me go first, I'll be out of your way." The unamazing thing was that she had not been stopped. No one had had the temerity to question logic seemingly so safe from doubt.

The British had been through hell. They had come out of it with a disarming humility. Instead of assuming that they would be admired merely because they were British, they had developed a sincere desire to be liked as people. They could not have been more hospitable, although they had little for themselves, or more generous when they were experiencing harder times than America has ever dreamed of knowing. They showed the warm hearts of hosts who wanted their guests made comfortable in spite of every sacrifice. They had the patience of Job and the realism of a people who recognized that the world's liking was now one of their needs. It was only with one another that they remained snobs. They would have thought the less of themselves had they not done so.

Regardless of their love of titles and traditions, no visitor could fail to realize that the British love of freedom was fierce and undying. One perceived, however slowly, that England had not only been through hell; she had undergone another and much further reaching Bloodless Revolution. Instead of making her reactionary, the worst of wars had produced the Beveridge Report and the bill for educational reform. Much as she prized her Court Circular, and Tory as she was thought to be, she was much nearer to a socialized state than we were.

HER people of all classes had taken their sacrifices and their labors for granted. German bombers had seen to this. England's workers had made England's cause theirs. Her aristocrats, though curtailed in their estates, were not worried about their future. They had possessions within themselves which they could not lose and which the country valued. Once again they had met wholeheartedly their responsibilities as the governing.

The intermingling of the British and American Armed Forces was friendly. There were fights, of course. They were due to our higher pay, to sex, to drink, to shared tactlessness, to old prejudices, and to the boredom—common in the services—which makes any brawl welcome until the real fight comes along.

The pity was that fraternization was not more common between the enlisted men of both countries. In general, they were content to travel with their own nationals, although many of them were authoritative on the subject of English girls. Our officers were more experimental. Their friendships with the British were easy, profitable, and delightful. One's hope was that in victory England would not lose the new virtues acquired in her dark hours.

IT was impossible to be in any part of Great Britain in wartime, without respecting her people for their courage. "England has always possessed the armament that she needed. She has always fought with the weapons required for success. She fought with mercenaries as long as mercenaries sufficed. But she also dipped into the most valuable blood of her entire nation whenever such a sacrifice alone was able to bring about victory. But the determination to fight and the tenacity and unflinching conduct always remained the same." These observations were Hitler's. And neither he nor we can disagree with them today.

The differences between the English and Americans were easy to find. So were the similarities. They ran deeper; they underlay all the diverting superficial cleavages. We did not have to look very far for them in England. That they were compelling and ineffable was best illustrated by our presence there. And by the joint indignations which had once again brought us side by side.

This article is drawn from the forthcoming book, "Many A Watchful Night," to be published by Whittlesey House. Lieutenant Brown was in London for two winters, serving on the staff of Vice Admiral Alan G. Kirk.

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French Literature Emerges from the Blackout

HENRY C. WOLFE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of this article has just returned from service as war correspondent abroad. He entered Paris with the advance French Liberation forces and was the first American correspondent to interview Georges Duhamel, permanent secretary of the French Academy.*

THE last sniping militiaman had hardly been hunted from his Paris rooftop when eleven men held a meeting. They managed to assemble although barricades blocked the thronged streets and buses, taxis, and subway trains were not yet running. Their business was as vital as the military victory to the new free France.

Without ceremony, delay, or dissent the conferees voted to bar two absent associates from future meetings, two men whose "attitude was contrary to national duty." As soon as they could manage a quorum they would strip the two of office. After the names of others they put question marks.

It was a historic and significant gesture. It symbolized supremely the dynamic role of French culture in the war of liberation. For the eleven men were the Paris members of the Académie Française. Their disbarred colleagues were charged with collaboration. They were accused of having betrayed the dearest heritage of France —freedom of the mind. Georges Duhamel calls it "the first of the freedoms. . . . An oppressed man is still a free man if he has at least the right to say and write: 'You are oppressing me!' "

I had thought of Georges Duhamel as I rode into Paris with the triumphal tanks of General Leclerc. Now at last the heroic French underground press would break out from its four-year imprisonment. No longer would the people of Descartes, Voltaire, and Pasteur press a furtive ear against a muffled radio to get non-Nazified news of the outside world. To that end few had worked harder than the prolific and versatile genius who is permanent Sectary of the Académie Française, a member of the Académie de Medécine and President of the Alliance Française. Constantly throughout the years of darkness the Nazified *"Je Suis Partout"* had demanded: "Why is Duhamel not in jail?" Three members of his family were put into prison. His home was ransacked by the Gestapo. His books were put on the Nazi *Verboten* list.

Shortly after the liberation of Paris I spent an afternoon with M. Duhamel at his home on the rue Liège. At first meeting he seemed rather cold, formal, and ill at ease. But as soon as we fell into conversation he became one of the warmest, friendliest people in the world. A tall, gray, bespectacled man, his worn face bespoke the physical privations and spiritual strain of the occupation years.

He spoke affectionately of American aid to France. He spoke gravely of the Nazi invasion of his fatherland when "civilization hung by a thread." He spoke proudly of the cultural resistance of the French underground. This was France's secret weapon. Against it, the psychological techniques of the New Order boomeranged. As far as the French mentality is concerned, says M. Duhamel, the New Order "represents an eminent form of disorder, since order is justice." Censorship and destruction—even imprisonment, torture, and death—only made the ancient French urge to freedom an irresistible force. Over the steep banks of Nazi oppression rushed a torrent of new French poetry and prose.

In the swastika-shaped shadows of the Third Republic there flourished a veritable republic of letters. The patriots of the arts and professions—the musicians and painters, the doctors, engineers, and teachers—formed specialized resistance groups "to defend France and her spiritual heritage." Each had its underground publications printed at the risk of death, distributed by stealth, and read under the threat of imprisonment. From the invisible ranks of the resistance sprang unity—a patriotic unity that cut across ideology, class, and religion.

M. Duhamel belonged to the National Committee of Authors, which included Valéry, Debu-Bridel, Oudard, Lescure, Malraux, Vildrac, and many others. The organ of this group was the weekly *Lettres Françaises* founded early in the occupation by the brilliant young patriot Jacques Decour. The Nazis shot him in May, 1942, but his courageous comrades, Claude Morgan, George Adam, and the redoubtable Jean Paulhan managed to keep the weekly going. It became the mouthpiece of embattled French letters. London and Moscow reprinted its stirring calls to victory. Among its

—*Drawing by Zadig*
Georges Duhamel

better known contributors were Paul Éluard, Louis Aragon, and François Mauriac. The two latter had books brought out by the resistance publishers, *Éditions de Minuit.*

One of the most fascinating and dramatic stories of the literary resistance is the origin of the cachet *Éditions de Minuit.* Until the day of liberation the close associates of Jean Desvignes knew him only as a moving spirit in the publication of underground books of a high literary order. Even Mme. Desvignes, a publishing partner, had been unaware that he was the author of the internationally successful war novel "Le Silence de la Mer." To throw the hounding Gestapo off the track he had set up a secret one-man press and published his novel behind the brave new front of the *Éditions de Minuit.*

A FEW days before the armored columns of de Gaulle rolled through the boulevards of Paris, *Éditions de Minuit* slipped out its twentieth title. It had published resistance manuscripts by Maritain, Mauriac, and others. It collected the occupation poems of Aragon, Éluard, Cassou, and the verse of lesser known French poets and of proscribed European poets. The *Éditions de Minuit* exemplars that I have seen are typographical gems, exquisite in format.

M. Duhamel is council president of an association dedicated "to the service of French thought." Among his fellow counsel members are the Duc de Broglie of the Académie Française and the Académie des Sciences and Pasteur-Vallery-Radot of the Académie de Medécine. They share his conviction that "if people stopped thinking for ten years civilization would die." The association aims to encourage and develop the production of

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French literature, science, and art. During the occupation it mobilized all possible moral and financial aid, especially for young writers.

The business men of France gave generously to the cause of patriot French letters. They realized, as the sterile intellectuals of Nazi domination did not, that "true victory is a thing of the soul." Never did a few francs bring more inspiring results. At home, in camps, and in prison Frenchmen secretly poured out on paper their scorn for the puppets of Vichy, their love for their enslaved country, their consecration to her ultimate and inevitable liberation. In the hunted cohorts of the underground they found printers. In the shadow army of patriots—and far, far beyond—they found responsive readers.

Throughout the prison camps there was an upsurge of poetry. "Poetry," M. Duhamel reminds you, "seems to revive when people are unhappy. It is at once emotional outlet and spiritual escape." If you gave the prisoners a coin or two, the first thing they bought from their jailers was paper. "All we need is paper," was a call to arms. Paper meant poetry, strategic material for the spiritual F.F.I. Patriots deprived of liberty were especially roused by the martyr deaths of two aged leaders, the symbolist Saint-Pol Roux and Max Jacob, recreative influence on contemporary poetry. The poet prisoners wrote in cold fury, vowing vengeance on the master race of executioners.

The poetry of the French underground told of everything close to the patriot's heart—his hatred of the Boche, his love of his despoiled village in the Aube, his longing to return to the homely job of peacetime days. One of the most popular of the resistance poems was the farewell of a railroad engineer to his cherished locomotive, wrecked at his hand to sabotage the transport of the invader.

"Poetry is the last refuge of our liberties," continued M. Duhamel, himself a poet. For a silenced people it is a life-line of communication It baffles the censor—defies him. A deft allusion, a smooth image, or a rhymed phrase can flash a message that would send prose into the book-burner's pyre. Who knows what patriotic sparks took fire in the *Comédie Française* audiences that applauded the mystic imagery of Claudel's *"Soulier de Satin"?*

From the young poets who first found voice behind the barbed wire of Nazi oppression will there emerge in the years ahead a Verlaine or a Rimbaud? M. Duhamel, confident of the future of French literature, has hope. Some of them surely will go on to sing the glory of a France re-

(*Continued on page* 66)

Strictly Personal...

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In* SRL's *Strictly Personal column (August 19, 1944), Dorothy Thompson criticized a review by Professor Irwin Edman of "Germany and Europe," by Benedetto Croce, which appeared in the August 6, 1944, issue of the* Herald Tribune Books. *Two weeks later, Mr. Edman replied via the same department. The final instalment of the Thompson-Edman controversy is published herewith, with articles by both participants. Following this exchange, Hans Kohn discusses the book that precipitated the controversy.*

1. LARGELY IMPERSONAL

IN criticizing Professor Irwin Edman's review of Benedetto Croce's "Germany and Europe," I little dreamed that the discussion would degenerate into the personal issue of Dorothy Thompson versus Professor Edman. The issue is Professor Edman versus Benedetto Croce, with Miss Thompson as an inadequate attorney for the defence of Croce. Whereas in my review of Professor Edman's review, I confined myself, in criticism of Edman, wholly to his review, Professor Edman takes nearly half his answering article for strewing contemptuous and "strictly personal" adjectives about Dorothy Thompson in particular, as a character, a writer, and even the wearer of a size of clothing, and to attacking columnists in general.

Now, I really do not think Professor Edman's figure, nature, or private character are as such, and any more than mine, bases for judgments of appreciation of Croce. I would like to stick to the point. But Professor Edman does raise another interesting question, namely the right of the amateur to differ with the opinions of the "expert."

Miss Thompson does not "claim to know all things," nor the "complete history of philosophy." She is, for instance, abysmally ignorant of higher mathematics, physics and chemistry,

oriental philosophy, musical theory, professional sports, and a thousand other things. Nor does she write about matters in such fields, except occasionally as a simple reporter quoting others.

But Miss Thompson denies—and I think, on consideration that Professor Edman would, too—that history and philosophy are fields reserved to "professionals." They are open to anyone who can read a book, and enjoy wrestling with ideas. Miss Thompson can read.

That being so, just why should Professsor Edman jump to the illogical conclusion that the fact that she was once a correspondent in Germany has necessarily anything to do with reading Hegel and Kant? As a correspondent, to be sure, I had to learn German, which enabled me to read German philosophy in the language in which it was written. As a correspondent I became interested in the mental background of the people among whom I lived. But I am fifty years old, and have been a voracious reader since I learned the alphabet, and in the course of reading have read rather a lot of philosophy, too. And, having read it, I have often been annoyed with many of the "experts" who simplify and interpret it for students. That does not indicate "omniscience," but it does assert that the amateur who is a reader may question the professional on the meaning of a book both have read. I was trying to get readers to read Croce instead of being satisfied with Edman's dismissal of him.

The article that put Professor Edman into a lather was therefore not Dorothy Thompson speaking as a philosopher and expert, but Dorothy Thompson as a critical reader, defending one philosopher—Croce—against another—Edman.

Professor Edman criticizes my interpretation of Croce on twelve points:

1. That I said Croce was not an Hegelian. I did not say this, but quoted Croce, exactly, on the point. I presume that Croce knows what he owes and does not owe to Hegel bet-

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ter than anyone else does, even Professor Edman.

In this connection Professor Edman paternally advises me to read Professor Piccoli's book on Croce. I have. I even had the pleasure of discussing Croce with Professor Piccoli in Naples long ago. As for calling Croce Hegelian because he "identifies Being and Thought," so has every idealistic philosopher since Plato—especially Bishop Berkeley. Nor has the conception of "a dialectical unfolding of Reason and History" been confined to Hegel.

2. That I claim that Croce's main thesis is that there are no German ideas, and no nationality in ideas. I said that it is Croce's thesis that thought and philosophical systems of ideas cannot reasonably be endowed with nationality; that Croce does not see the life of the mind *primarily* in national terms; that although there are German systems, they have flowed into and out of, been influenced by and have influenced other systems. In this connection I also quoted Croce.

3. That I called Croce "more Kantian than Hegelian." I did not. I said, "He (Edman) attaches the word 'Hegelian' to Croce . . . without qualifying the title by what Croce . . . *undoubtedly also owes* to . . . Kant." Perhaps to a philosopher *"more* Kantian *than* Hegelian" is the same as *"also owes,"* but not to a journalist, trained in accurate reporting.

4. That I accuse Edman of pinning Germanism on Croce whereas Croce himself calls his book, in its subtitle, "Confessions of a Germanophile." I accused Professor Edman of attributing practically the whole of Croce's philosophy to German sources, whereas Croce, in this very book, is at pains to deny it.

5. That I say that Croce's ideas on Germany differ from those "of Lord Vansittart, Rex Stout, *and* myself." (Myself being Edman). Professor Edman complains that he differs from these other gentlemen. But I did not lump them together. I said that Croce's ideas differed from those of Rex Stout *or* Lord Robert Vansittart, etc. I did not suggest that any of these persons agreed wholly with each other, but that they all *did* disagree with Croce. I did not use the word "and" but the word "or," which makes considerable difference.

6. That I said that "Ideas have a life transcendent to nations." Professor Edman agrees with this "truism." Again I was referring to Croce.

7. That "Miss Thompson triumphantly points out that German thinkers have influenced French, etc." Why

—*Werner in* The Chicago Sun
"Transformed into an Arc de Triomphe."

"triumphantly?" If Professor Edman were a columnist he would have to be sparing of adjectives. Miss Thompson, however, was not doing the pointing out. It was Croce who was doing it. It is, of course, easier to attack Miss Thompson than Croce.

8. Professor Edman assures his readers that he does not condemn Hegel because he was a German, but because he "condoned the central exaltation of the Prussian State." I say (with Croce) that this is no adequate or even very important comment on Hegel.

9. That I said that Naziism comes from Darwin. Professor Edman doubts whether I have ever read Darwin and asserts that Darwin's idea of fitness for survival "has about as much to do with the theory of the master race as Miss Thompson has to do with philosophy."

I said "A lot of Nazi theory stems from Darwin." I did not speak of my own interpretation of Darwin, but of the Nazi rationalizations of Darwin. The Nazis claim Darwin and cut his observations to fit their own ends, as they claim and re-tailor Nietzsche—and as Professor Edman classifies and dismisses Croce. I have read not only Darwin, but Walter Darré and Alfred Rosenberg on Darwin. Even Nazis look for respectable intellectual ancestors. But the German State under the Kaiser or Hitler has as little to do with Hegel's concept of the Prussian State, as the Greek regime of Metaxos had to do with Plato's Republic. It is as easy and superficially reasonable to claim Darwin as a spiritual ancestor of Naziism as to claim Hegel.

10. That Miss Thompson thinks that it is odd for a philosopher to speak of "our ideals and how they differ from the German ones." I said that it was odd for a philosopher to speak of our ideals *without defining* which ideals, since philosophy concerns itself with differentiations.

11. That I quoted Kant and said that there must certainly be Germans who hold to his ideas or Kant would not have lived on in German universities for a century and a half. Professor Edman says, "It is not Kant's ideas on peace that have survived (in Germany). It is his idea of the Categorical Imperative, an absolute in morals *nicely adapted to absolutism in politics.*"

I HAVE no doubt that German professors can distort Kant as glibly as American professors. But Professor Edman's statement that Kant's Categorical Imperative is nicely adapted to absolutism in politics is truly startling, and I wish that *The Saturday Review* would ask Edman to expound it. I was not thinking of Kantian ideals of peace, but of Kantian ideas of freedom, individualism, and exactly his concept of the "unconditional" moral law, the "Categorical Imperative" whose validity rests on no ulterior motive. Kant sought this moral law through critical reason and free will, and he found several formulations for it, one of which was that every individual should seek to act only on such maxims as he would wish to see become universal; also, so to act "as to treat Humanity whether in oneself or in others always as an end and never as a means." Now, political absolutism invariably and of necessity considers the person as a subject and as a means for achieving an end. For Kant all politics was subservient to universal humanity and the freedom and welfare of every individual. He was greatly concerned with the antinomy between freedom and constraint and formulated the precept that every child should be left perfectly free "unless the manner of his freedom interferes with that of the freedom of others." His concept of ethics was that no man has a right to claim for himself what he would not wish to see for all mankind. He said, "The realization of duty is impossible for any being which is not free, *i. e.,* capable of self-determination." Reconcile these with political absolutism. But he believed also—as did William Penn—that unless men gave allegiance to unconditional conceptions of Good they would eventually be ruled by Tyrants, a condition which he considered the nadir of politics and ethics.

What greatly contributed to Hitler's criminal and tyrannical perversions of power was not any categorical moral system but the cheap relativism and pragmatism of the German intellectuals, who, like too many of

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our own, rationalized all unconditional moral concepts out of existence, exalting the idea that anything is true and good if it "works," and that the individual has no self-determination anyhow, but is the product of blind social forces.

Finally, Professor Edman denies that he has ever questioned Croce's zeal for humanity and truth. I did not suggest that he had. I accused him of joining the other reviewers in paying Croce the conventional tribute of respect and then dismissing what he says as irrelevant.

It was never my intention to defend myself as anything, but to defend the ideas of Croce against the distortions and superficialities of his reviewers. I chose Professor Edman as one of the more important examples. I do not think myself a superior philosopher to Edman. I *do* think *Croce* a superior philosopher to Edman. Immeasurably superior.

DOROTHY THOMPSON.

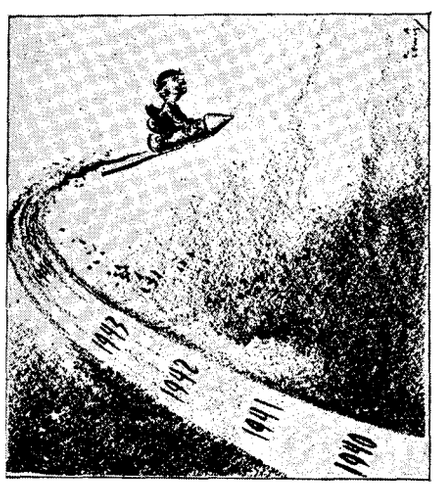
2. PARLIAMENTARY DISCOURSE

IF Miss Thompson had been as temperate in her first communication as she is—on the whole—in her second, she would have found me a more tractable correspondent. But calling a reviewer loud and mediocre, more than intimating that he is pitting himself against "the still, small voice" of "humanity and truth," dismissing him as a professor of philosophy rather than as a philosopher, and intimating that he is a political propagandist to boot—all this is not calculated to encourage discussion on an Olympian level. I did raise my voice a little. But I felt I had to, in Miss Thompson's neighborhood. But now that Miss Thompson, like the good democrat I am sure she is, has relaxed into parliamentary good manners, I am glad to join her on the high plane of philosophico-historical debate she currently essays.

It is fair enough, as Miss Thompson says, for anyone to wrestle with ideas, and I am sorry I gave the impression that I think philosophy a preserve exclusively for professionals. But, for better or worse, philosophical doctrines are often stated in highly technical form. It is impossible to discuss Kant or Hegel or Croce seriously and accurately without being involved in their special vocabularies of philosophical analysis. Philosophical terms often have their meaning defined only in terms of a long, often esoteric history. To know this demands more than intelligence and good will; it demands historical training in the issues involved. If Miss Thompson had had this, I doubt whether she would have made some of the elementary mistakes she does make. One of these is the lumping together of Plato, Berkeley, and Hegel as three philosophers who identified Being and Thought. If this were a class I should be tempted to set forth the elementary differences —but very profound ones—between Being and Thought in Berkeley, Plato, and Hegel. Nor would Miss Thompson, had she travelled around more often in the history of European thought, have been so surprised at my calling Croce a Hegelian. Nor would she be, I think, so naively unaware that a philosopher may deny that he exhibits certain traits and still be demonstrated clearly to have them. In the contours of his philosophical system Croce is, whatever denials he may make, Hegel's follower and debtor.

But surely it is a little ridiculous for me and Miss Thompson to carry on a discussion, in print, as to the extent to which Croce is a Hegelian. Granted the literacy of the readers of *SRL* I doubt whether that interests them particularly, or really whether it interests Miss Thompson. I doubt, further, whether it would be fruitful to anyone to have me go over the twelve points I made, the twelve points Miss Thompson makes in reply. The reader would have to have before him the texts of Hegel, Kant, Darwin, Croce, the text of my original review, the text of Miss Thompson's comment, the text of my reply. Some day, perhaps, Miss Thompson and I could give a joint seminar to which we might invite the few who would be interested. I think perhaps for the moment it might be more profitable to the readers of this colloquy to concentrate on what seem to be the issues that roused Miss Thompson's interest in my reaction to Croce in the first place.

Miss Thompson's concern with the Croce volume and my review of it obviously arose because Croce's volume seems to her to represent a vindication of German thought *ueberhaupt*, as sound, generous, humane, and international. My review, by the same token, seemed to her to denigrate all German thought and to fall into an inverted Nazism. Actually all I did was mildly to suggest that Croce was something less than critical of the tradition of German thought, and even though he denied it, something less than critical of Hegel.



—*Lewis in the* Milwaukee Journal
"What goes up . . ."

I intimated and I now expressly suggest that there is a long tradition in German thought (recognized by most historians; recognized in some measure by Croce himself in the book under discussion) that plays into power politics and indeed celebrates it, that is, the metaphysical support of narrow nationalism, imperialism, authoritarianism, and even brutality. The cult of the will in nineteenth century German thought, as in Schopenhauer, the nationalist cult in Fichte, the insistence on the unconditioned in Kant (however high his motives) all these had their influence because they spoke what was in the minds of millions of Germans. It does not matter that the Prussian state was different from the German empire or the Nazi state. What does matter was that the tone of state absolutism was set by Hegel and that Hegel was the dominant force in German political philosophy, and that Hegel's political thinking was not the small aberration in his system that either Miss Thompson or Croce think it to be.

It does matter, too, that the nationalism, the inflexibility, the authoritarianism of German thought became the dominant note of German intellectual life in the nineteenth century and that the German philosophers enormously influenced German education for a century. Bernhardi, for instance, an influential imperialistic publicist, found it quite useful to quote Kant on the categorical imperative.

I must also comment on Miss Thompson's startling announcement that Hitler's perversion of power is to be ascribed to the dominance of pragmatics and relativistic philosophy. It is news in the first place that pragmatic philosophy was ever dominant in Germany. Furthermore, a little more acquaintance with any pragmatic philosophy would have prevented Miss Thompson, I am sure, from identifying pragmatism with *anything* that works, or equating relativism with cynicism. A little reflection would show, I think, that it is precisely the belief in an "unconditioned," an "absolute" in morals that leads to fanaticism and barbarity in conduct. The "unconditional" is simply fanaticism with a German philosophical education. Ab-

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solutism in morals removes all moral judgments from the sphere of criticism and inquiry. Santayana somewhere describes a fanatic as one who redoubles his energy after he has forgotten his aim. The moral absolutist never questions his "categorical imperative." The "unconditioned" is a proper doctrine for an obedient Nazi, an unquestioning German. German prisoners are reported to have apologized for atrocities by saying they were "obeying" orders, unconditional orders, I suppose, categorical imperatives.

The history of democracy is the history of free inquiry, of asking what is useful for the individual, what is the greatest happiness for the greatest number. It is no accident that one of the great democrats in the nineteenth century was a relativist and a pragmatist in morals, John Stuart Mill, or that John Dewey is a pragmatist, too, and William James. I doubt that a democratic Germany, if there is one, will talk much about categorical imperatives.

Finally, as a matter of record, I should like to quote what I said that so stirred up Miss Thompson. Nothing that I wrote in my review of August sixth in the *Herald Tribune Weekly Book Review* seems to me any less valid now. I cite my concluding paragraphs:

> One feels a touching faith in this high-minded Germanophile [Croce]. "The shame," Croce writes, "which it, Germany, cannot help but feel over the evil for which it has made itself the instrument will be converted into a force of good, as with those great saints who were once great sinners."
>
> The sentiment of vengeance will certainly not remake Europe but sentimentality about Germany turned suddenly to saintliness will not seem, perhaps, sufficient reliance to most people. It is hard to think that these high minded moralizings are much more helpful than the lethal philippics of the hate-Germany school, or really much deeper philosophically. But the essays are important examples of what hold the German tradition has on a highly civilized Italian mind. They are not very important as advice on post-war Europe.

Fair-minded enough, I still think. But if Miss Thompson and I should grow quite fair with each other, I fear the readers of *The Saturday Review* will find this colloquy has lost its savor.

IRWIN EDMAN.

3. CROCE AND GERMANY

GERMANY AND EUROPE; A SPIRITUAL DISSENSION. By Benedetto Croce. New York: Random House. 1944. 83 *pp.* $1.25.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

THE famous Italian philosopher, who has himself been deeply influenced by German thought, has put the discussion of the German problem on the only basis from which its real essence can be understood. Ernst Moritz Arndt, one of the most characteristic forerunners of modern German nationalism, has indicated in the title of his book "Germanien und Europa" the consciousness of far-reaching differences between the two civilizations. For the Germans, as for the Russians, Europe or the West has remained a problem, perhaps the central problem of their modern development, a challenge and a question mark, attractive and repulsive at the same time, often the point of departure for defining with greater clarity their own distinct character. Since the Reformation and humanism, two souls have been struggling in the Faustian German. In the eighteenth century, in the Age of Enlightenment, the European soul gained the upper hand and during that period Germans, thinkers, writers, and composers, gave a most powerful impulse to the intellectual life of Europe. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Historicism and Romanticism (German Romanticism was something fundamentally different from the purely artistic and esthetic movement of the same name in England or France) undid in their rejection of rationalism and rational values the work of the eighteenth century in Germany; Bismarckism seemed in its military triumph to bear out the superiority of "Deutsche Art," of German character and traditions, over the decadent and shallow liberalism of the West. The *Auseinandersetzung* between Germany and Europe, this "spiritual dissension" as Croce calls it, should form, as Croce rightly points out, the chief object for historians to be investigated in all its preparation from afar back. To this urgent task Croce makes in the present little volume his contribution, unfortunately only a very slight contribution.

Croce is convinced that National Socialism represents a much graver crisis for German life than Fascism for Italy, because Nazism is one result of the whole history of Germany, "a terrible crisis which had been brooding in the history of Germany through centuries." Croce, apparently, himself has not always understood it. A German friend had translated Croce's article on "The Conflicts of Political Ideas after 1870" into German and tried to publish it in Berlin periodicals, but he did not succeed because some of Croce's words expressed faith in the liberal development of Germany. The editors pointed out "that the author, esteemed though he was, had understood nothing that was stirring the heart of Germany." And that reply was given in 1927, at the height of Weimar prosperity.

To explain the dissension between Europe and Germany Croce goes back to the famous battle in which the Germans under Arminius defeated the Romans and thus kept Roman civilization out of Germany. In reality Germany was fully and consciously part of medieval Europe; afterwards Germany, in the structure of her society and in her attitude to political life, grew different from the West. But only in the nineteenth century did this dissension become conscious, acute, and widespread. The Germans are fully aware of it, many of their thinkers have written about it. Most Germans despised the West, but they did not know or completely misunderstood its real life and strength. The West, with very few exceptions, has neglected this fundamental aspect of the German problem. We shall be grateful to Croce for having drawn public attention to it.

Croce knows that all national character is a product of history, and therefore subject to change. He emphasizes his hope for a new and different Germany which will become European and resemble the "despised merchant people whose custom is sociable and preserves even in the agitation of passion the restraint and the manners of good breeding and moral discrimination." Perhaps the shame which some of the Germans cannot help but feel over the evil for which Germany has made itself the instrument since Bismarck will be converted into a force of good. Great sinners have often made great saints. One can certainly hope, after Bismarck's work has been completely undone, for a Germany with a spiritual fertility comparable to that of the late eighteenth century. Yet it is disturbing to find Croce's optimism tempered by the emphasis on the fact that Germany—"it is always well to remember—does not have the civilization of Greece and Rome and that of Christianity at the origins of its national history, but the ferocity and devastatory impulse of the barbarian invasions." But why go back so far for the origins of present-day Germany? It may be sufficient to refer to Bismarck, "who gave his imprint to the new Germany with everything he had in himself of the cruel, sneering, and cynical, an imprint which those who succeeded him incised more strongly in its face." It might be easier, for the Germans and us, to undo the work of Bismarck than that of the barbarian invasions so many centuries ago.

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SRL Washington Poll

Surveying the Capital Correspondents

HENRY F. PRINGLE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Saturday Review has just completed a questionnaire survey of Washington correspondents, and has asked Henry F. Pringle, well-known authority on American journalism, to report the results of this poll, drawing whatever conclusions he felt were indicated.*

THE old *New York World,* vanished now because the Pulitzer sons lacked the genius and stamina of their father, was often called a newspaperman's newspaper. There could be no higher praise. By the same standard Thomas L. Stokes of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance is the newspaperman's Washington correspondent. With Marquis Childs a close second, Stokes received the most votes from his colleagues as the capital correspondent doing "the best all-around job in terms of reliability, fairness, ability to analyze the news."

Such is one finding of a survey conducted by *The Saturday Review of Literature.* Questionnaires were mailed to members of the Congressional Press Library, to which all accredited correspondents belong. Replies were received from 160 of them, a fair sampling according to the techniques of the Gallup and similar polls. Here are the other verdicts in *The Saturday Review of Literature's* poll:

The New York Times, by a vote of more than five to one, was judged the newspaper "maintaining the best all-around Washington news service as measured by reliability, comprehensiveness, fairness." *The Washington Post* was runner-up.

By almost two to one the *Chicago Tribune* was rated "the most flagrant in angling or weighting the news to suit its own editorial opinions." Cissy Patterson's notorious *Washington Times-Herald* came second in this shabby category.

Arthur Krock, winning by 51 votes to 32 for Drew Pearson, is declared to be the Washington correspondent "who exerts through his writings the greatest influence on Washington."

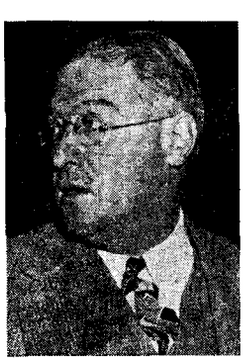
Drew Pearson, receiving twice as many votes as Walter Lippmann, is the correspondent "who exerts through his writings the greatest influence on the nation."

Krock is not syndicated, of course, which would limit his usefulness beyond the native city of *The New York Times* and Washington, where most of the politicians watch the New York papers with care. Pearson's Washington Merry-Go-Round is read by millions throughout the country. Other differences distinguish the man voted most influential in Washington and the one so rated for the nation. Krock, who enjoys wide latitude in what he reports and in voicing his opinions, is aloof and Olympian. Pearson is a kind of political Winchell, a listener at keyholes. His accuracy has been questioned, but he hammers at inefficiency in the armed services and elsewhere. His exposures are greatly feared.

It is deplorable that Raymond Clapper is not alive to be included in the poll. Not improbably, he would have been declared the correspondent with the greatest influence both in Washington and in the nation. Surely he would have been voted the writer doing the best all-around job in terms of reliability, fairness, and ability to analyze the news. A few of the correspondents filling out the questionnaire voted for him anyway, possibly on the conviction that nobody has quite taken his place.

Some pertinent deductions may be drawn from *SRL's* survey. What are the standards whereby the correspondents are rated the most influential, on Washington and the nation, among their colleagues? Reliability, fairness, and the ability to analyze the news do not seem to be the main criteria. Thomas L. Stokes is far down, seventeenth, on the list of those declared influential in Washington. He is sixth among the correspondents characterized as exerting the greatest influence throughout the nation. Marquis Childs,

ARTHUR KROCK ("Washington correspondent who exerts through his writings the greatest influence on Washington") is head of the Washington bureau of *The New York Times* and has twice won the Pulitzer Prize for the best Washington correspondence. He was born in Glasgow, Ky., November 16, 1886, and attended public schools in Kentucky and Illinois. He matriculated at Princeton with the class of 1908, but was unable to continue until graduation. In 1937, however, Princeton gave him the degree of Master of Arts honoris causa. Mr. Krock entered upon his newspaper career in Louisville in 1906. He contributed syndicated articles from the peace conference at Paris in 1919. Mr. Krock was assistant to Ralph Pulitzer, president of *The New York World,* from 1923 to 1927, when he became a member of the *Times's* board of editors. Since 1931, he has been his paper's chief Capital correspondent.



DREW PEARSON ("Washington correspondent who exerts through his writings the greatest influence on the nation") is one of the most controversial figures in Washington. Some of his revelations have stirred international repercussions. His syndicated column, *Washington Merry Go-Round,* started in 1932 and appears today in 620 newspapers. He was born in Evanston, Illinois, in 1897, and was graduated from Swarthmore in 1919. He went to the Balkans for the Red Cross during the first World War, heading relief work in Montenegro and several other small countries. He has been a teacher at the University of Pennsylvania and Columbia University. As a correspondent for Australian and African newspapers, and as a magazine writer, he covered many assignments of international importance. He received an honorable mention by the Pulitzer Prize Committee in 1921 for his story on the Cuban Revolution.

THOMAS L. STOKES ("Washington correspondent who does the best all-around job as measured in terms of reliability, fairness, ability to analyze the news") is a Scripps-Howard correspondent whose latest assignment carried him on Dewey's campaign trip. He won the Pulitzer Prize in 1938 for his exposé of Kentucky politics in the administration of relief. He has been described by his associates as a "typical Southern intellectual." Since his graduation from the University of George in 1921 as a Phi Beta Kappa, his laurels have been many. He reported the Teapot Dome investigation, and since 1928 has been a closely followed chronicler of political news. A specialty of his has been reporting of the stock market. His comprehensive and penetrating observations of that field are believed by many to have laid the groundwork of important reforms. He has been a member of the Scripps-Howard staff since 1933.

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who nearly nosed Stokes out in the reliability sweepstakes, is ninth among the correspondents to whom Washington listens with admiration or terror. He is fifth among the ones with comparable influence on the nation. Arthur Krock, before whom Washington is held to quail, is sixth among the correspondents who do the best all-around job because they are fair, reliable, and analyze the news with skill. Drew Pearson, although the correspondents call him most influential in the land, is seventeenth in reliability and fairness.

An astonishing result in the poll is the poor showing made by Walter Lippmann. Only nineteen correspondents among the 160 who participated thought his writings had the greatest influence on Washington as compared with fifty-one who voted for Krock and thirty-two for Pearson. He finished second in the balloting on influence in the nation, but Pearson got twice as many votes. It is hard to believe that this represents the considered judgment of the Washington press corps. Possibly they thought that the phrase, "exerts through his writings," meant newspaper writings only—and that Lippmann's books were not to be given consideration. One dismisses, naturally, the thought that jealousy could have influenced any votes.

Indications do point, nonetheless, to a few instances of flippancy. We find John O'Donnell of the Patterson-McCormick press given one vote as the most influential in Washington. O'Donnell is the man who wrote that scandalous story about contraceptives in the WAC. George Dixon, his colleague, also gets a vote. And Dixon is known principally for the silly photographs for which he poses almost daily and which adorn the inanities of the column he writes. The *Chicago Tribune* was declared by four correspondents to be the paper with the best Washington news service; reliability, comprehensiveness, and fairness being the standards! Correspondents were permitted, of course, to vote for their own newspapers—and some of them did.

Few people will be surprised that *The New York Times* was judged the paper with the best Washington news service. Observers of American journalism may well react with dismay, however, to the overwhelming lead of *The Times*—eighty-eight votes as compared to only sixteen for *The Washington Post*, its closest competitor, and only fourteen for the *New York Herald Tribune*. These writers at the nation's capital are clearly a cynical lot about the newspapers they serve. *The Baltimore Sun*, rated fourth, got only nine votes. *The Christian Science Monitor* was declared best by only six writers. *The Washington Star*, *The Chicago Sun*, *PM*, and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* got four votes—like the *Chicago Tribune*.

Nobody can seriously question the preëminence of *The New York Times* in covering Washington, on the other hand. The first quality on which the Washington corps were asked to pass, in judging the newspaper with the "best all-around Washington news service," was reliability. Reliability depends on a good many factors. The trouble with most of the newspapers

TABULATION OF RETURNS

1. The newspaper maintaining the best all-around Washington news service as measured by reliability, comprehensiveness, fairness.

New York Times	85
The Washington Post	16
New York Tribune	14
Baltimore Sun	9
Christian Science Monitor	6
No Answer to Question	5
Washington Evening Star	4
Chicago Sun	4
PM	4
St. Louis Post-Dispatch	4
Chicago Tribune	4
Washington Daily News	2
Philadelphia Record	1
Philadelphia Inquirer	1
Democrat & Chronicle	1
TOTAL	160

2. The Washington correspondent who exerts through his writings the greatest influence on Washington.

Arthur Krock	51
Drew Pearson	32
Walter Lippmann	19
No Answer to Question	18
Bert Andrews	4
Raymond Clapper (deceased)	4
Gould Lincoln	4
Editor of Washington Post	3
Robert Albright	3
Marquis Childs	2
Ed T. Folliard	2
David Lawrence	2
Nathan Robertson	2
Herbert Elliston	2
Frank C. Waldrop	1
Ernest Lindley	1
Lyle C. Wilson	1
Thomas L. Stokes	1
I. F. Stone	1
John O'Donnell	1
George Dixon	1
Turner Catledge	1
Mark Sullivan	1
Lowell Mellett	1
Harold Slater	1
Cecil B. Dickson	1
TOTAL	160

3. The Washington correspondent who exerts through his writings the greatest influence on the nation.

Drew Pearson	56
Walter Lippmann	28
No Answer to Question	23
Arthur Krock	13
David Lawrence	6
Marquis Childs	6
Thomas L. Stokes	4
Bert Andrews	4
Lyle C. Wilson	3
Raymond Clapper (deceased)	3
Jay G. Hayden	1
I. F. Stone	1
Walter Kiplinger	1
Forest Davis	1
Ray Tucker	1
Turner Catledge	1
John O'Donnell	1
Frank Kent	1
Westbrook Pegler	1
Lowell Mellett	1
Nathan Robertson	1
William K. Hutchinson	1
Cecil B. Dickson	1
James B. Reston	1
TOTAL	160

4. The Washington correspondent who, in my opinion, does the best all-around job as measured in terms of reliability, fairness, ability to analyze the news.

Thomas L. Stokes	25
Marquis Childs	23
No Answer to Question	17
Bert Andrews	8
Roscoe Drummond	8
Dewey L. Fleming	7
Arthur Krock	7
Walter Lippmann	6
Nathan Robertson	5
James B. Reston	5
Mark Sullivan	4
C. P. Trussell	4
Paul Ward	3
Cecil D. Dickson	3
Raymond Brandt	3
David Lawrence	2
Charles G. Ross	2
Drew Pearson	2
Raymond Clapper (deceased)	2
Thomas Reynolds	2
James Wright	2
John O'Donnell	2
Walter Trohan	2
Ernest K. Lindley	1
Blair Bolles	1
Turner Catledge	1
Paul Mallon	1
Gould Lincoln	1
Arthur Hermann	1
Sandor Klein	1
Bulkley Griffin	1
Louis Stark	1
Lowell Mellett	1
Arthur Henning	1
Carroll Kilpatrick	1
Windsor Booth	1
Richard L. Wilson	1
James A. Wechsler	1
Eddie Folliard	1
TOTAL	160

5. (Optional) The newspaper which is the most flagrant in angling or weighting the news to suit its own editorial opinions.

Chicago Tribune	65
Washington Times Herald	34
PM	29
No Answer to Question	23
Washington Post	2
Patterson-McCormick Papers	2
Daily Worker	1
Star	1
New York Times	1
Hearst Papers	1
Chicago Sun	1
TOTAL	160

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of the United States is that their publishers, with an eye on the counting room, have forced their staffs to do too much. All of us on the *New York World* in its closing months remember how we ground out column after column until long after midnight. We had no time to check our facts. It is a miracle that we did not plunge the tottering *World* into a sea of libel suits.

The late Adolph Ochs, who made *The New York Times* what it is, realized that reliability in the reporting of news depended on a staff of competent journalists, adequately compensated, who were given time in which to do careful work. He obtained such men for his local staff in New York, for the Washington bureau, and for the paper's posts abroad. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, who now runs *The Times,* has continued that policy. It has cost millions of dollars, over the years, but it has paid. The Washington bureau of *The Times* now varies between twenty-two and twenty-three men and women engaged in the obtaining and writing of news. This is about double the number before the war.

Such a staff may be contrasted with the representation of other papers. I don't mean small ones, which depend largely on the press associations. I mean papers able to afford the men they need. Their correspondents are forced to cover Congress, the White House, the departments, and the innumerable war agencies. They must do chores for their publishers and advertising managers. Having no time for careful reporting and research, they must accept without question the handouts of government press agents. But this fault, of course, is not limited to Washington coverage in American papers. It is true of their local, their other national, and their foreign news. Even *The Washington Post,* called second best to *The Times* for its Washington news series, prints little about the nation as a whole. It has pages of comics, of twaddle about Washington society, and about sports.

THE sad truth is that American newspapers do not, in general, give anything approaching a comprehensive picture of the world in which we live. That is why such magazines as *Time* and *Newsweek* have arisen and have attracted tens of millions of dollars in advertising revenue which the newspapers might have enjoyed.

The second test by which *The Times* was judged was the comprehensiveness of its Washington news. Again, there can be little argument. If anything, there is too much of it. *The Times* still suffers, although to a minor degree, from its abandoned space payment system. The more a *Times* man wrote, the more he used to be paid.

A few were masters in stringing out their stories. Even now the average *Times* report is rarely distinguished for conciseness or lucidity. But the main reason for the comprehensiveness of *The Times* was the decision of Mr. Ochs, long ago, to make his paper a journal of record. This has not meant publishing the texts of speeches by the President or Presidential nominees merely. *The Times* prints the complete texts, at enormous cost, of all important speeches, messages, and expressional reports. It records executive orders, agency reports, documents issued by private concerns. The sole test is importance, at the moment or in the years to come. No historian in his right mind would choose any other paper for research.

It is not the conception of *The Times* that its Washington report be limited to government and politics. Business and finance are thoroughly covered. On its women's page or elsewhere are detailed the rulings of the OPA, the WPB, and all the other agencies which affect the lives of women. In no other paper can the girls so easily learn the mysterious processes by which rubber is denied for girdles, how dresses are to be cut under WPB dicta, whether larger stocks of baby pants may be available.

The third test was fairness. Here, of course, personal prejudices run high. *The New York Times* has often been accused by labor of unfairness. Mr. Sulzberger, when faced with them, has denied heatedly that *The Times,* whatever the views of its editors or correspondents, has ever been hostile to labor in the news column. Nobody can prove either side of it. My own belief, after years of study, is that *The Times* is entirely impartial in each, specific news story. Its labor reporter, Louis Stark, has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for his distinguished accounts of the labor movement, and richly deserved the award. I am absolutely certain that Mr. Sulzberger has never ordered that the account of any labor dispute be slanted. I do think, though, that the attitude of *The Times* ownership has been reflected, possibly subconsciously, in the prominence given to labor defeats as compared with labor victories.

IN its political reporting *The Times* has been as fair as it is possible for an organization run by human beings to be. Both sides are given ample space. Correspondents are not allowed to editorialize. Stories are not weighted as Election Day approaches with silly, baseless prophecies about "a ground swell" for the candidate receiving editorial support. Mr. Sulzberger takes very seriously indeed the responsibility of his paper in political matters. It must be with real anguish that, with his editors, he concludes to support some candidate. Sometimes he refrains from doing so. The current campaign must be another cause for inner torment. *The Times* views the Roosevelt Administration with acute disapproval. But up to this writing it has not come out for Tom Dewey. Its editorials have ponderously chided both sides. But its news columns have carried the pleas of each. Arthur Krock, of course, continues to say pretty much what he likes. But Krock's job is a dream one among the Washington correspondents.

Fashions change, in correspondents as in everything else. Mark Sullivan, who would have been high on any list two decades ago, received only one vote in the influential-in-Washington class. David Lawrence got but two votes as a correspondent to whom Washington listened, and only six, despite his editorship of the *United States News,* for influence in the nation. Only two writers thought him outstanding for reliability, fairness, and analytical powers. And where is Frank Kent, who once roared so loudly and effectively in *The Baltimore Sun?* One correspondent thought he had the greatest influence in the nation. Nobody else mentioned him.

Walter Kiplinger, with his expensive service telling the nation's tycoons what is going to happen and when, may impress the industrialists and financiers. But he has made slight dent on the Washington corps of correspondents. One called him most influential in the nation. The rest were silent.

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Almanac for Fall Reading

Some Highlights of the New Season

AMY LOVEMAN

October 16

"Take Them Up Tenderly" (Knopf) displays Mary Case Harriman's adroit hand wielding the scalpel in a series of *New Yorker* Profiles which include portraits among others of Clare Boothe, Helen Hayes, Moss Hart, and Cole Porter. . . . "In One Day of Beetle Rock" (Knopf) Sally Carrigher examines, instead of human beings, the actions of the animals and insects which frequent a particular spot in the Far West. . . . Nancy Wilson Ross, in what constitutes a pageant alive with movement and color, recounts in "Westward the Women" (Knopf) highlights of the hegira which carried pioneer women on the dauntless trek of their men to the Pacific Northwest.

October 17

"Winter Cherry" (Macmillan), by Keith West, a novel of eighth century China and of the T'ang dynasty, describes the struggle of one of the Emperor's concubines for an independent life.

October 18

"Europe: An Atlas of Human Geography" (Morrow), by Myrtle Rajchman, is just the book to have at hand while reading war communiques in the newspaper or listening to radio broadcasts. . . . Love and adventure, Nazi trickery and brutality, and Allied determination lend excitement to Stefan Heym's "Of Smiling Peace" (Little, Brown), a novel whose spy heroine plays everybody false in the end. . . . Rosita Forbes, who has known many lands and many people in the course of her wanderings, writes of them with verve in her autobiography, "Gypsy in the Sun" (Dutton). . . . Admirers of Britain's Prime Minister will find a pictorial record of his career, with brief captions to elucidate the pictures, in Rene Kraus's "Winston Churchill in the Mirror" (Dutton).

October 19

In "Women and Men" (Harcourt, Brace) Amrahm Scheinfeld presents a consideration of the differences between the sexes, and the respective capacities of men and women for their roles in life, in a book which has had no equal for interest and knowledge since Havelock Ellis's similar volume of years ago. . . . Humorist though he is by profession, Joe E. Brown is for the most part serious and tender in his account in "Your Kids and Mine" (Doubleday, Doran) of his travels to entertain the troops, in the main in the Pacific theater of war. . . . The irrepressible Bennett Cerf offers a lively collection of stories, anecdotes, and opinions in a grab-bag entitled "Try to Stop Me" (Simon & Schuster). . . . Christina Stead enthusiasts will want to know of her new novel published this day even though they may find "For Love Alone" (Harcourt, Brace) too saturated in sex for their taste. . . . Ridgely Torrence, a fine poet in his own right, edits in "Last Poems of Anna Hempstead Branch" (Farrar & Rinehart) the verse of a deceased contemporary held in high esteem by others of her craft.

October 20

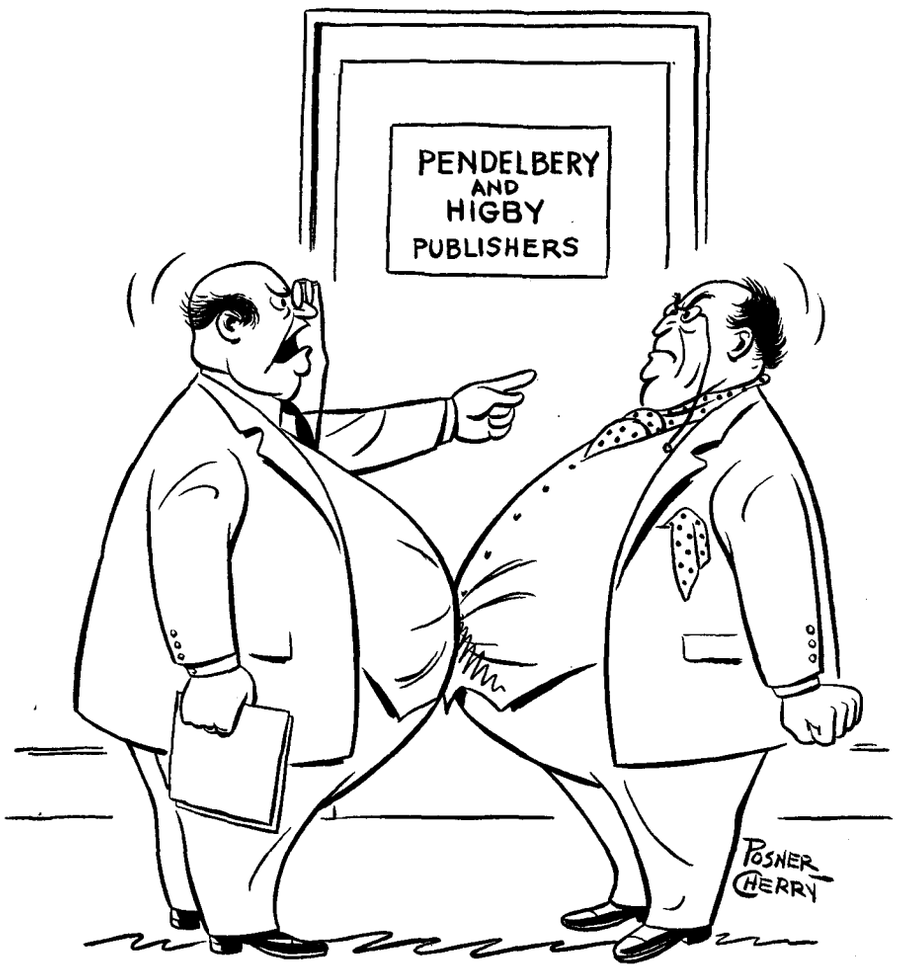
"They Dream of Home" (Appleton-Century), by Niven Busch, deals in moving fashion through the medium of the novel with that problem of increasing importance to the nation—the rehabilitation and readjustment of the disabled soldier to civilian life. . . . In "The Building of Jalna" (Little, Brown), Mazo de la Roche turns time backward in its course, depicting the domineering old grandmother of the first of the "Jalna" series in her young married life.

October 21

"Where Away" (Whittlesey), which its authors, George Sessions Perry and Isabel Leighton, call "a modern Odyssey," depicts life and personality as it is revealed under the stress of extreme danger on an American light cruiser.

October 23

"Caesar and Christ" (Simon & Schuster), the third volume in Will Durant's "History of Civilization," is a survey of Roman life and of the epic struggle between pagan and Christian forces which constitutes one of the most dramatic chapters of history. . . . One of the best-informed of Russian correspondents recounts the part of "Leningrad" (Knopf) in the war in Alexander Werth's book which bears the name of the city. . . . Delicacy and horror, though apparently antagonistic qualities, unite to make



"Higby, you've been stepping on my toes for years."

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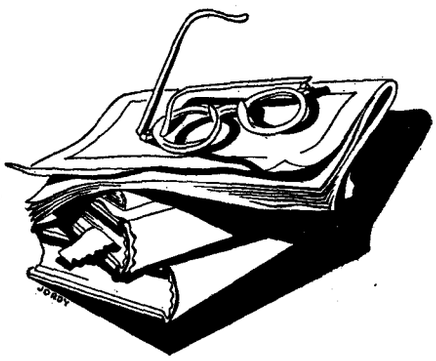

a novel, both moving and exciting, in Chris Massie's "The Love Letters" (Random) which tells the tale of a man's search for the girl of his dreams. . . . Hermann Rosten not only writes the biography of the great astronomer in "Copernicus and His World" (Roy) but presents also a picture of the Poland of his day. . . . Penetrating, revealing, and witty, D. W. Brogan's "The American Character" (Knopf) is one of the most rewarding and challenging books of the season.

October 24

"Your Servant, the Molecule" (Macmillan), by Walter S. Landis, discusses in simple enough fashion to be intelligible to the layman the role of chemistry in present-day life. . . . Frequent distinction marks Russell Davenport's ode to America, "My Country" (Simon & Schuster). . . . With anecdote and fact David Cohn has made lively history of the automobile age in his "Combustion on Wheels" (Simon & Schuster).

October 25

Carl Crow, who saw at first hand much of its development in recent years, writes of a just past history and possible future trends in "China Takes Her Place" (Harpers).

October 26

"Elegant Journey" (Farrar & Rinehart) takes John Selby's Trace family, in a third novel of the series devoted to it, through the period of its migration from Maryland to Wisconsin and of its establishment in the latter state. . . . The serious student of labor will find a rewarding study of industrial conditions in Herbert J. Lahne's "The Cotton Mill Worker" (Farrar & Rinehart).

October 27

"Pause to Wonder" (Macmillan), by Marjorie Fischer and Ralfe Humphries, is an anthology which offers a variety of opportunity to lovers of humor, mystery, and the strange. . . . The personality of Dante, who is its hero, and the background of the strife and the politics of his day, lend substance to Nathan Schachner's novel, "The Wanderer" (Appleton-Century). . . . Of particular interest at this time when the Wilson picture is on the screen is "My Aunt Louisa and Woodrow Wilson" (University of North Carolina), by Margaret Axson Elliott, sister of the first Mrs. Wilson, who, in what is at once a charming portrayal of a Southern childhood and an intimate picture of the First World War President, adds a pleasing pendant to history.

October 30

"I Lied to Live" (Roy), by Alexander Janta, paints a vivid picture of the experiences of a Pole, captured with the French armies, who passed himself off as a Frenchman to his German captors. . . . Dawn Powell's "My Home Is Far Away" (Scribner) is a lively tale of two motherless young girls whose rolling stone of a father takes them with him as he makes his shiftless way through Ohio towns.

October 31

Nathaniel Bedford Forrest, for whom Sherman said he would swap all the cavalry officers he had, makes a dramatic subject for Robert Self Henry's biography of him entitled " 'First with the Most' Forrest" (Bobbs-Merrill). . . . In "Young 'Un" (Macmillan) Herbert Best has written a charming and spirited novel of youth, thrown on its own resources, carving out a life for itself in the Lake Champlain wilderness of the 1800's.

November 1

By way of variety from more serious fiction, another mystery from the pen of an indefatigable writer, "The Case of the Black-Eyed Blonde" (Morrow), by-guess-yes, Erle Stanley Gardner.

November 3

"Many a Watchful Night" (Whittlesey), whose Shakespearean title betrays the dramatic critic John Mason Brown, shows Lieutenant Brown, participant in the invasion of France, at his best as a writer in a description of fateful days in England and France and on board a warship.

November 6

"Lost Waltz" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Bertita Harding, pictures life among the Hapsburgs and their adherents when that life still had glamor.

November 7

"Brave Men" (Holt), by the beloved correspondent Ernie Pyle, is news from the front full of detail of individuals as well as description of events.

November 8

"Half Past When" (Lippincott), by Hassoldt Davis, an American attached to the Fighting French Forces in Africa, gives a vivid and picturesque account of persons and happenings among the latter. . . . Lots of entertainment and information for anyone who collects anything from a postage stamp to an Old Master in "Lock, Stock and Barrel" (Lippincott), by Douglas and Elizabeth Rigby.

November 9

"Bases Overseas" (Harcourt, Brace), by George Weller, not only gives an informed and informing chronicle of events, mainly in the Pacific area of war, but presents thoughtful and challenging suggestions for America's postwar policy in regards to the bases which it has established and future relations with foreign countries. . . . William Saroyan is very much William Saroyan in a new collection of short stories entitled "Dear Baby and Other Stories" (Harcourt, Brace).

November 11

"The Gentlemen Talk of Peace" (Macmillan), by William B. Ziff, is a consideration of how as yet there is no peace and what must be done to secure it. . . . William Henry Chamberlin writes of "a submerged nation" in "The Ukraine" (Macmillan).

November 15

"Samuel Johnson" (Holt), by Joseph Wood Krutch, embodies all that recent research has discovered of the life of the great lexicographer in what is a widely comprehensive biography. . . . A day of biographies, this mid-November date, which in addition to the foregoing brings forth "Prodigal Genius: The Life of Nikola Tesla" (Washburn), by John J. O'Neill, and Burges Johnson's autobiography, "As Much as I Dare" (Washburn).

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Poetry and Portmanteaus

Was Joyce Really Fooling?

JACQUES BARZUN

"POETRY," said Mallarmé, "is made with words, not ideas." This is a truth, a very serviceable truth with only a dash of exaggeration, and it bears repeating because it settles a good many worries that beset the common reader. "Why," he wonders, "is modern literature so difficult?" He gives it a fair trial, as he thinks, only to fall back defeated, discomfited, disgusted. Just the other day, a friend picked up my copy of Campbell and Robinson's "Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake"* and, waving the book at me, argued that, if Joyce's work needed a skeleton key to penetrate its meaning, he would "rather not go in." That is his privilege, but it is not his privilege to perpetuate a common error about literature, so I dragged out Mallarmé's axiom and tried to explain what it involved.

Anybody can see that "Finnegans Wake" is difficult, but what sort of jargon is it written in and how did it get that way? How did an author who could write prose like anybody else come to wind up his career with utterances such as: "What a humpty-dump seems our miserable earth here today, as compared beside the Here-we-are again Gaieties of the After-piece, when the Royal Revolver of this world lets fire for the pandemon to end and the Harlequinade to begin, properly SPQueaRking. Mark Time's Finish Joke. Putting All-space in a Notshall."? The ingenious, learned, patient, imaginative, and humor-laden authors of the "Key" give us the material reason why: Joyce worked for eighteen years extracting from his brain all the facts, ideas, feelings, and beliefs that a lifetime had deposited there, and he reorganized them around a story-of-life and resurrection which his two gifted commentators have now made plain for any reader of good will.

The "plot" is clear enough in their pages, but then why read Joyce? And the original question is not answered, Why convey a story in this twisted-up, uncommunicative manner? The "Skeleton Key" cannot, of course, give a treatise on the development of language and the natural laws of poetry, but through its analysis it gives us a pretty good clue. Take the word "SPQueaRking," which stands out of the passage quoted: SPQR is the official abbreviation for "Senate and Roman People"; also, apparently, for "small profits, quick returns." Further, the word "squeaking" is inserted within the monster vocable and this last inside the common phrase "properly speaking." What is Joyce trying to do? Quite simply to save time and thicken his porridge, *i.e.*, to write poetry.

We are familiar—and delighted—with the same device in the "Jabberwock." We feel not only that what Lewis Carroll aptly called portmanteau words are explosive capsules of mean- ("brillig," "slithy") but that allusive inventions like "frabjous" answer the proverbial long-felt want. Of course, we are ready to accept for the sake of laughter what we would reject if offered as serious. To which, on Joyce's behalf, one must reply that in "Finnegans Wake" he means you to laugh a good deal of the time—in fact as often as you know how.

But there is a still more significant reply to make, which is that all poetry, and a great deal of prose, as far back as we have any record, is essentially Joycian. Or rather, to put the horse before the cart, Joyce is doing nothing intrinsically different from other workers in words. I have not the space to document this in detail, but I can perhaps suggest the line a suitable argument should follow. Readers intent upon thrashing out the business will find material in volumes like the *New Directions* yearbook for 1937 or in *transition* (especially the number on the Revolution of the Word in No. 27, Spring, 1938).

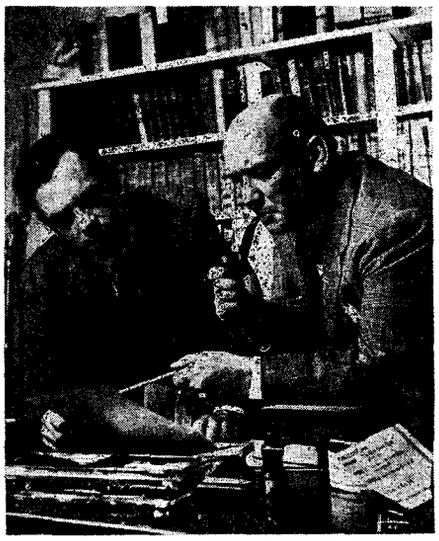
These deal chiefly with modern writers, but start with Joyce's and Carroll's punning principle in mind and open your Shakespeare. Turn particularly to his prose and you will find that even when he is not making an overt, detectable pun (I should write "detectestable" to please all parties) his mind jumps by means of verbal associations. Where the *sound* prevails; it's a pun; where the *sense,* it's an image. For example, Hamlet is asked how he is: "Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed capons so."

YOU may say this is only a picked instance; that is true, but turn to the anonymous poetry of language and discover how many locutions, proverbs, and cliches depend upon parallelism or similarity of sound for their fixed form: "wear and tear," "slow but sure," "last but not least," "a stitch in *time* saves *nine*." Obviously, rime is simply a form of punning. In English it is a near-pun, in French it is a complete one, since identical sounds are considered "richer" in French prosody than the partial duplication which is the rule in English.

So far all this proves only that Joyce's apparent fooling around with words, sounds, letters, and common allusions is thoroughly traditional. The next thing to consider is that, with few exceptions, the great poets in any language are extremely difficult to read for the first time because they

**A SKELETON KEY TO FINNEGANS WAKE. By Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1944. $3.50.*

—From the portrait by Augustus John.
James Joyce: ". . . properly SPQueaRking."



—Bachrach
Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson: co-locksmiths for the Jabberwock vaults.

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pack the meaning in—just like Joyce; they make up words of their own—just like Joyce; they cram their lines with all the learning they have picked up—just like Joyce; and they defy logic and grammar—just like Joyce. Think of Aeschylus, whose words are not in any dictionary; of Dante, who is unreadable without footnotes; of Goethe or Hugo, whose lines at their tightest defy parsing—or even more traditional, re-open Shakespeare or Milton and see how much unwinding it takes to sort out the meaning—not necessarily the surface drift, but the full meaning. Even so simple a sentence as "Absent thee from felicity awhile" is by no means transparent and the degree of its involution is precisely the degree of its difference in meaning from "Give up your good times for a bit." That is why there is no such thing as a paraphrase of a poem. For poetry is made with words and not with ideas.

I said at the beginning that this was not wholly true. In amending it somewhat, I can perhaps explain the last element to consider in judging the language of literature. The amendment might run like this: although poetry is made with words, the words are chosen so as to convey certain special ideas, which can only be called poetic—not because they are beautiful, but because they are not merely independent assertions of fact. When Milton writes

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves
know how to hold
A sheep-hook,

we are shocked at the juxtaposition (quite grotesquely Joycian) unless we keep the image in its context, take it unliterally, and grasp it at the pace which the verse demands for the proper insertion of this (ugly) poetic idea among its fellows.

Now this cannot be done at a first reading; the poem must be parsed, and it was Ruskin, I believe, who gave a skeleton key to "Lycidas" in his own "Sesame and Lilies." The odd thing is that after a given poet's style has been "keyed" in this manner and taught for a century in the schools, almost anybody can write like him and all can read him, naturally enough, with pleasure.

This means that the next poet, if he has truly poetic ideas, must change the idiom. The old one will only give Milton's or Gray's or Villon's poetical ideas: ideas of that sort will not stand transplantation, so "style" changes and we have "revolutions" in poetry which turn out to be revolutions of words. I needn't make a list, but simply remind the reader that since Wordsworth and the romantics generally, language has been made to do extraordinary things, multiplying our visions through as many eyes and poetic minds as each literature chanced to produce. And they were all difficult: Carlyle was a riddle, Keats unintelligible, Browning a palimpsest, Meredith a teasing enigma, Swinburne unfathomable, Hopkins hermetic, and Bridges a defiance to common sense—until Pound and Eliot and Arden made us feel that a line that could be read at sight was a line *manquée*.

In French literature the development was parallel, when it was not actually more insurgent against habits and rules. Hugo and Nerval began it, and after a placid interlude of neoclassicals, the Symbolists with Verlaine, Rimbaud, and Mallarmé made words dance with strange partners, for the sake of new meaning. Prose was not exempt, and between Ducasse and Péguy, the two centuries were bridged by a common reconstruction of language. At his death Mallarmé was working on linear representations of different levels of meaning (*Jamais un coup de dé*) and it was not long before an "orchestral" form was elaborated (by Henri Martin Barzun around 1912) which combined the poet's simultaneous perceptions and conceptions as in a score.

The movement that followed was international and Joyce is part of it. In him, the simultaneous ideas are fused into a single line of "portmanteau" words, but Messrs. Campbell and Robinson make it clear in their "Key" that the great story of Finnegan occupies time on so many levels that we presumably must take it in orchestrally in the mind. After all, if Dante built a four-story allegory, Joyce being a modern architect, should be allowed a good many more. What is less reassuring about the parallel is the magnitude of the annotations that both these epic makers require. But that is a question too far afield from our starting point, which was, the justification of a seemingly arbitrary language. Despite the "privacy" of much of Joyce's symbolism, the authors of the "Key" will, I think, amply satisfy the candid reader that his structure holds up, and I can promise him also that they exhibit the inner furnishings with grace, knowledge, and wit.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

Are you a Browning fan? There are 34 quotations in this story by Ned Beatty Bartlow and Verna Wellington, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Score 3 points for every one you can place. Answers are on page 60.

BAFFLED BROWNING

A Dramatic Monologue in Which a Husband Attempts to Justify His First Love to His Wife

But do not let us quarrel any more, for it all happened so long ago, in the morning of the world, when earth was nigher heaven than now.

Come back with me to the first of all. She was a woman like a dewdrop—and I? I was so young. . . . I had no Mother, God forgot me, and I fell. For she made me feel how good is man's life, the mere living. Oh, I never can recapture the first fine, careless rapture.

She should never have looked at me, if she meant I should not love her, for how is it under our control to love or not to love? Alas, how sad and bad and mad it was, but then how it was sweet!

But it seemed never the time and the place and the loved one all together. All might have been very well had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare, but just for a handful of silver she left me. Then, though I felt infinite passion and the pain of finite hearts that yearn, I said,

"Then, dearest, since 'tis so, since now at length my fate I know, will you meet me where the quiet colored end of evening smiles, miles and miles, inside the melancholy little house we built to be so gay with?"

She agreed. We met. We two stood there, with never a third, but each by each, as each knew well. Then I said, "All's over then: does truth sound bitter, as one at first believes? I would that you were all to me, you that are just so much, no more. But, escape me? Never, Beloved, while I am I and you are you."

Then I found a thing to do, and all her hair in one long yellow strand I wound, three times her little throat around, and strangled her. Sixteen years old when she died!

God, I conclude, compensates, punishes, and yet God has not said a word. There may be Heaven; there must be Hell; meanwhile there is our Earth here—well!

Then, though I did not fear death, to feel the fog in my throat, my wisest course seemed boot, saddle, to horse, and away.

Soon after, you called me and I came home to your heart. And now, my perfect wife, my Leonor, with whom beside should I dare pursue the path gray heads abhor? Is it not good to forgive, best to forget? So let's contend no more, love, strive nor weep, but grow old along with me; the best is yet to be, for God's in his heaven, all's right with the world.

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Americans Who Refused to Grow Old

THE WORLD OF WASHINGTON IRVING. By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 495 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

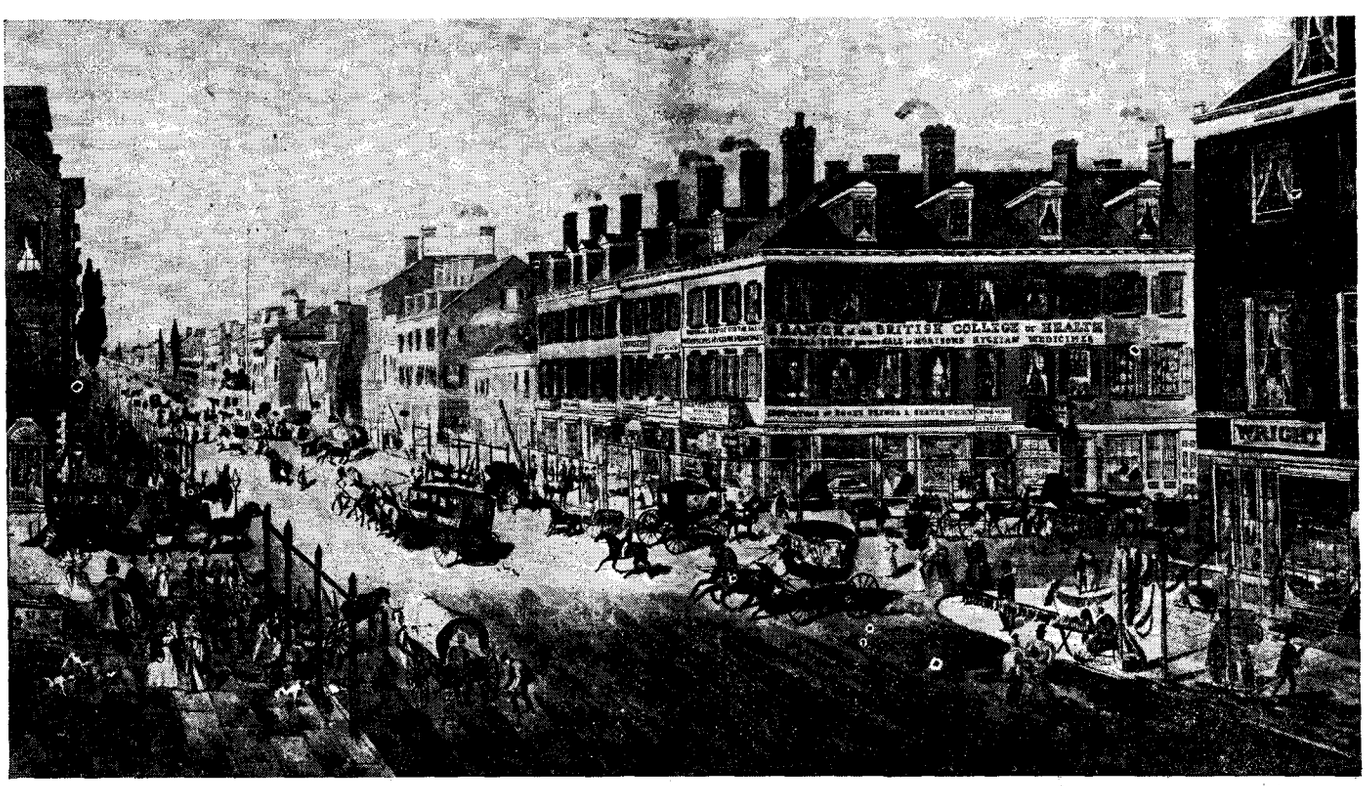
THIS latest addition to Mr. Brooks's personal chronicle of America starts with the year 1800 and ties into "The Flowering of New England" in its last sentence. With "New England: Indian Summer," these volumes give a connected account of men and manners in America for a hundred years. But the author himself admits that it is far from complete by his announced plan for a volume on "the period of Walt Whitman and Herman Melville" (would it not be better if he spoke of the "world" of these two?); and he doubtless should follow this with studies of the "worlds" of Mark Twain and of Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin. The difficulty is, of course, that he grows as he writes. Each new focus makes a new picture which can be pasted next to the previous ones, but which still has a white margin of its own. The total result will always be a loosely related series of personal impressions rather than a connected "literary history of the United States."

"The World of Washington Irving" has all the gusto of youth. It has caught the flavor of those great Americans who refused to grow old: Jefferson, Audubon, Irving, Cooper, and Bryant; and it even rescues Poe from morbidity by identifying his ambitions with the buoyant optimism and the restless energy of his times. This, rather than the doomsday books on Henry James and Mark Twain, would seem to be the work of its author's youth, for Mr. Brooks has reversed the usual process and has succeeded, as he nears his sixties, in identifying himself with the youth of his country.

The America of a century ago was concerned with things of the eye, ear, and hands rather than with those of the mind and emotions. Germany has recently demonstrated that economic and social factors can create an introverted and diseased condition in a nation as well as in an individual; and the infant United States proved that the reverse can likewise be true. A nation can be as healthy and extraverted as a young athlete exulting in his strength and all out to win. The feeling of our forefathers that they had been born into the best of all possible worlds, with complete freedom of conscience and infinite natural resources at their command, has been brilliantly and subtly recaptured. The "en masse," as Whitman would say, stands out from these pages as a unified and quite understandable personality in spite of the motley company that composes its parts. From the vagabond Reverend Mason Weems "bumping along in his Jersey wagon, a portable bookcase behind and a fiddle beside him" to the suave Washington Irving driving in his open carriage through the Rhine valley and "delighting in the woods and the vineyards and the mouldering castles," we meet here every kind of eccentric. All that they have in common is their insatiable appetite for living.

The same hunger sends the quiet little Quaker William Bartram into the Florida swamps, challenges the brusque Cooper to spin out thirty-three tales of the wilderness and the sea, inspires the amateur brush of Audubon to masterpieces in the imitation of nature, and drives Poe to insanity in a nightmare of dreams. This new world was crying out to be explored, enjoyed, recorded; and the time was short. Meriwether Lewis must be hurried to the sources of the Missouri, George Catlin must do hasty portraits of every Indian chief, John Jacob Astor must create overnight an empire in fur, William Gilmore Simms must put the whole new Southwest into novels of every kind, and even the dandy N. P. Willis must cover endless pages with gossip, sentimental verse, and roaring melodrama. Quantity—quantity—quantity! Whatever was being discovered, whether it were the glories of the new continent or the corruptions of the old, must be hastily recorded in a torrent of words and water-color; and impatient feet took these insatiable explorers almost as far as they might go in a modern plane, but with much more opportunity for observation by the way.

This was the world of Washington



The towers and busy streets of New York of a century ago. —*Bettmann Archive*

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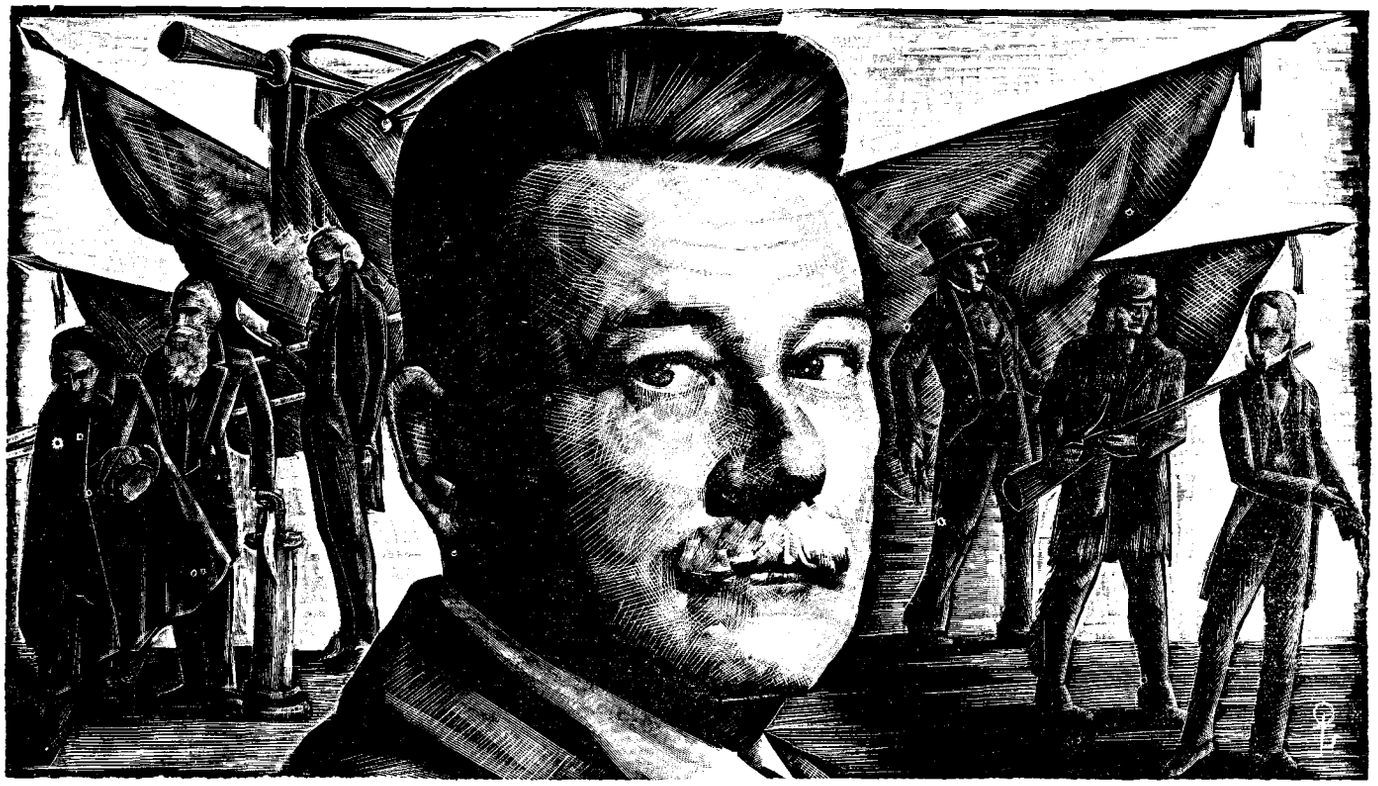

—*SRL Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield.*

Reading from left to right the background characters, selected from the cast of "The World of Washington Irving," are: Edgar Allan Poe, Samuel F. B. Morse, Thomas Jefferson, Washington Irving, Daniel Boone, and Henry Clay. Flag and drum arrangement is adapted from design in "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence," by John Trumbull, another of Mr. Brooks's characters.

Irving because, he, more than anyone else, gave expression to what the great majority of intelligent and sensitive Americans of that day were thinking and feeling. They had suddenly broken with old-world traditions by a political revolution into which not more than half of them had put their whole hearts, and they were hopeful and determined that the venture should be a success. They were confident that their ideals for a new way of life were better than any that had been tried before and they were beginning to appreciate the vast resources that were available on this continent for translating those ideals into daily facts. But at the same time they were suffering from the shock of th' r sudden and alarmingly successfu. break with the past. Down underneath all their surface confidence and their will to justify their action was a strong longing for the security, the comforts, and the familiar ways of the life that could no longer be theirs.

When a young man leaves home to make his own way in the world, he may be sure of his powers and happy in his new freedom, but he will remember the smell of bacon in the morning, the easy chair where he did his detested home-work, the sound of his mother's voice warning him that he has only five more minutes before he must leave for school, his father's approval when he brought home a good report or scored in a football game, the comfortable old house that looked lived-in because it usually needed paint. Brother Jonathan felt exactly that way, and the writer who could teach him to be proud of himself without giving up his memories, to laugh at himself without indignation, to acknowledge his sentiments without feeling silly, was the writer he would buy and read and treasure.

Even though Irving struck the chord of most general popular response, it took many kinds of people to give full expression to these times, and Mr. Brooks recognizes this fact by spinning diverse lives into a single strand. Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Tom Paine, Philip Freneau, and many other ardent patriots were welcome because they gave to the average American his pep talks, bolstered up his self-confidence, and shaped his ideals for the future. Bartram, Wilson, Audubon, Bryant, Cooper, and others who explored and exploited the new continent, put into expression his vast curiosity about the novelties and the riches of the world he had set out to understand and to master. By studying and recording its special features, these men helped him toward that much-needed understanding. Daniel Boone and Kit Carson were personifications of his own desire for conquest of the Western wilderness, as John Jacob Astor put into action his determination to use these resources in the building of a new civilization, and Horace Greeley prodded him on with his slogan "Go West, young man." Each of these men laid claim to a part of his world, as did those who expressed his quarrel with the past, like Cooper, Simms, and Paulding, who sputtered at the slurs of European critics. This young American was suffering from the violent conflict of feelings within him and he looked for someone who could add a sense of harmony to a sense of purpose.

The question for which he most urgently wanted an answer was how to hold on to his past at the same time that he was throwing all his energies into the future. His literature and his art so far had been almost wholly imitative and his pride was hurt. Someone must appear who could make the break with him, but at the same time share his longings and his memories. Cooper and Bryant, Kennedy and Simms, did this fairly well at times, but only in part.

Washington Irving gave exactly the right response to his times. He identified himself wholly with the little mercantile town of New York where he was born and with its sister towns of the Atlantic seaboard; he good-humoredly jibed at their awkwardness and praised their energy. He explored the back country, appreciated its rugged beauties, and supplied it with

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a romantic past. He went to Europe and outdid its writers in their own modes, and he taught his countrymen how to hold on to the cultural relics of the feudal past at the same time that they rejected its evils. When he was abroad, he was always an American and, when he came home, he brought Europe with him. He became the press, the radio, and the movies of his day, with just the right mixture of identification and detachment for sympathizing with and at the same time giving expression to the thought and feeling of his times. Mr. Brooks is right in calling this "the world of Washington Irving" because he is trying to recapture it as it seemed to itself and to tell us how it seems to him. Irving deserves the part he plays as the dominant theme in a contrapuntal composition.

Mr. Brooks says none of these things explicitly; he merely supplies the evidence for such conclusions in a manner uniquely his own. No one else is doing exactly the kind of writing that he has attempted in those last three books and his critics are pretty generally at a loss for a touchstone of judgment. He has told us that he is writing literary history, but how much of a place has an Audubon or a Daniel Boone in literary history? He has been hailed as "America's most distinguished literary critic" and he has done much in the past to warrant the tribute, but a critic should make judgments and here judgments are few and are only casually given.

Is this really literary criticism or literary history? If not, what is it? Mr. Brooks has become less and less the literary critic as his interest has moved from internal forces to external facts. The process has been a long and slow one from his thesis books of 1909-1925, through his "Emerson" (1932), where the real break took place, to this recent series of impressionistic chronicles. His old theory that the Puritan tradition blocked cultural progress, forced the growth of materialism, and so divided our writers that artistic integrity was impossible, may have been fallacious in its overstatement, but it provided him with an instrument of analysis and judgment with which to challenge old assumptions. The flood of controversy that resulted was healthy because so much of what he said was not only new but relatively sound. Now that he has rejected his own hypothesis, he has no touchstone for critical judgment except the temper of the times about which he may at the moment be writing. In the few places in this new book where he comes to grips with the inner problems of his people—notably in the cases of Poe and Cooper—he shows some of his old astuteness. The passages on Poe are the best things in the book because he reveals, as no other critic has done so clearly and succinctly, how an intense neurosis may create a relatively great art. But he has said this by inference, ostensibly recording the external facts. For the rest of the book, he has given us lively back-fence gossip, using his phenomenal memory to collect and to re-sort curious instances rather than the mental and emotional factors which he wove into the texture of his earlier work.

As literary history, these later books arouse even more questions. What Mr. Brooks is writing is neither the history of literature, nor of society, nor of thought, nor of culture, and his critics might do well to take note of the fact. He is writing the history of taste. His concern is with the general view of life which is dominant at a given time and place as expressed in the ways of living and the modes of expression most characteristic. For his sources he turns to the most responsive people who have left records, whether they be the literary greats or the humble peddlar, whether they express themselves in art or action, in writing or painting; and he tries to catch them in their unguarded and expressive moments. His intricate mosaic of impressions seems confused and kaleidoscopic at first, but in the end it shows a clear pattern. We know at least what Mr. Brooks believes to have been the esthetic climate of the times.

This method leads inevitably to mistakes, exaggerations, and false emphases. For example: the poem "Isadore" was written by Chivers, not by the Arkansas lawyer, Albert Pike; Cooper may have been read, but there is no evidence that he was published simultaneously in thirty-four cities of Europe; and a "relative sterility of the new mind of the South in literary matters" is belied by the pages on Simms, Kennedy, Randolph, and Poe which follow the statement. Mr. Brooks, in spite of his New Jersey birthright, is not as much at home in the Philadelphia, the New York, the West, and the South of Washington Irving and his fellows as he is in the New England of Emerson and Henry Adams, but he has done a remarkably successful job of sensing the temper of an alien time and place.

Cry in the Night

By Hassoldt Davis

CRY in the night to your sons!
Cry them home
from the cells of the Hun
and the lathes of the Hun
and the stuttering stone
of the mills where they grind into guns
the good body of France.

Cry havoc! Cry hope,
and they'll hear in the dark of our coming.
They'll hear the thick drumming
of cannon, the strumming
of wings over death,
and the bells in old steeples . . .

We,
the faithful of France,
have held France in the Tchad.
We, the people, have fought
in the flux of the sand
and the great Sheba's hills.
Bir Hakim weaned us.
The haggard Tibestis
determined our drive to the sea.

Qattara, Himeimet,
the vale of Zaghouan,
with all its fine poppies
and burgeoning dead,
led us slowly towards home.
We laughed on Cassino
and shuddered in Rome;
for the boon of our anguish
was not death but living,
the giving of Huns
to our sons in the night.

We, the people, cry in the night
to our sons,
cry them home as we stagger to home
through the maquis', the partisans',
flood from the hills.

Paul of Gaul, are you there?
Are your scythes fit for reaping?
Is the grey grain dry?

Michel, lad, where
are the wolves of your keeping?

Old Pierre of the rocks,
is your fruit piled high?

Young Jeanne of my heart,
shepherdess, mother,
have you seen to your flocks?

Ah, let no horn be broken!

This is the token:
the cry in the night
and the chanting
of wings over France.
Cry Christ in the night
to the high hills of France
where the free men have gathered
and fathered their arms!

In the pulse of our sons,
in the blood of the bled,
is the echo of life again . . .

Christ, son Christ, cry France!

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"Protective Custody" and the Race Question

PREJUDICE. Japanese-Americans: Symbol of Racial Intolerance. By Carey McWilliams. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 337 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by L. D. REDDICK

NOW that the end of the European phase of the war is in sight there is a real danger that the war against Japan may turn into a "race war." Already many straws in the wind show which way the current is turning. As far back as Pearl Harbor there were outbursts against "the yellow bastards." More recently, a New York newspaper declared that the worst crime of the Nazis was in allying themselves with the "yellow devils in the East" to fight against other "white nations." A prominent member of the United States Congress has said, "Show me a man with one drop of Japanese blood and I will show you a traitor."

Despite these and other inflammatory appeals it has been impossible for those who would convert the war into a racial crusade to succeed because of the mixed character of our allies and our enemies. The United Nations, if anything, is an association of just about all of the "diverse breeds and mixtures of men." Moreover, the Nazis have stood as the symbol of race hatred while we, on the contrary, have stood as the counter-symbol against the Nazi philosophy. Thus, the ideological struggle, part and parcel of the military struggle, has counter-poised slavery versus freedom, racism versus universalism, fascism versus democracy. This has been the rallying cry though all along we have known that several of the United Nations are not democracies and that racist practices have been prevalent within colonial empires as well as within the borders of nations like the United States.

However, after Hitler has been crushed this ideological configuration may change. In fact, if the crusade against Japan should assume the nature of "white peoples" fighting "yellow peoples," we will then stand in the position where Nazi Germany has stood. We ourselves will be the advocates of the master race notion and in this sense, at least, the ideological triumph of the Nazis will be undeniable.

It is in such a context that "Prejudice: Japanese-Americans: Symbol of Racial Intolerance" is to be read. It is essentially a study of the problems which arose after Pearl Harbor. A hundred thousand men, women, and children of Japanese ancestry who lived on the West Coast were placed in "protective custody" immediately after December 7, 1941. Total mass evacuations soon followed in an atmosphere of excitement and near hysteria. Two-thirds of these Japanese-Americans were citizens of the United States. McWilliams gives a vivid picture of what happened to them in the mass exodus from the West Coast, their concentration in the war relocation centers, and their desperate attempts to return "back to America."

McWilliams has done something of even greater importance than tell this story accurately. He sets the current problem in its proper historical context. He traces the origin of antagonism between residents of California and Japanese immigrants from the turn of the century up to the present time. McWilliams is specific enough and names names yet the main outline of the story is never lost in the tangle of politics, prejudice, and competition. Organizations and individuals rise to power in California by exploiting the anti-Oriental issue. Likewise, the military cliques within Japan itself exploit the conflict and propaganda coming out of California to build up their own power and influence.

Finally, McWilliams argues, as he has argued in "Brothers Under the Skin," that we need a national policy on the race question. It is true that the apparently separate problems of Americans of Negro descent, of Mexican descent, of Chinese and Japanese descent, and so forth are all phases of the "American race problem." It is also true that California can no more be trusted to "solve" the "Japanese problem" there than can Mississippi be trusted to "solve" the "Negro problem" in Mississippi. The present war makes this clearer than ever. It also makes clear a further point: that these so-called domestic race problems have international repercussions.

McWilliams is correct in treating the problem of the Japanese as a symbol of general racial intolerance. There will be those who will disagree with his general views and his specific proposals. No one will be justified in disagreeing with the conclusion that he has written a valuable book: readable, accurate, forthright, yet without a trace of sentimentality.

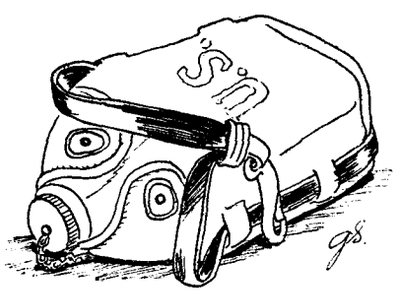
L. D. Reddick is Curator of the Schomburg Collection of Negro Literature of the New York Public Library.

Cape Cod, Sunny Side Up

YANKEES WERE LIKE THIS. By Edith Austin Holton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1944. 268 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE GENZMER

WELLSHAVEN is not on my 1941 automobile map of Cape Cod, carefully preserved in the hope of happier days not too far off, nor do I find it listed in the "United States Official Postal Guide," but there can be little doubt about its actuality, whatever its real name may be. Miss Holton lived there as a youngster in the reigns of Cleveland and Harrison, and her testimony—though ever so slightly sophisticated by years of fiction writing—is good enough by itself to establish its historicity. She need not have been so chary of its authentic name, for she drops hints galore about its location. You couldn't miss it if you really looked for it, and I trust that no matter what the twentieth century may have added in the way of gasoline pumps, "diners," cabin camps, and antique shops, the iron-railed village green is still overarched by its towering elms and horsechestnuts.



Miss Holton's father was principal of the local academy and therefore and thereby a man of consequence, even though he was virtually a foreigner—an emigrant from the eastern slopes of the Berkshires. But her mother was the genuine article, a Cape Codder of Barnstable County, and for little Edith all the decent, sober, honest folk of township and county—there were some others, of course—were her people, not members of the family perhaps, but somehow related. Her reminiscences of the daily life of household and village, season in and season out, are shrewd and good-tempered. She remembers vividly the surfaces of life, oddities of character, tricks of speech, the feel of the brisk salt winds, the tang of rockweed, lobster pots, and fishing nets drying in the sun; and—oh yes—she remembers and puts down some good recipes too—quahaug pancakes, "soocotash," roasted herring, Fast Day cakes, and other good things. It is the sunny side of life that she recalls, without shadows and without profundity, but good reading withal.

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MR. WILLKIE

WE write here not so much about a former candidate for the Presidency of the United States as about a man who both understood and belonged to his age, who was able to communicate that understanding with perceptiveness, sincerity, courage.

We write, then, about the author of "One World," perhaps the most important book to come out of this war; in the years ahead it may be regarded as a valuable addition to the shelf of American political literature that helped shape a national destiny. This although "One World" lacks the fiery persuasiveness of "Common Sense" or the striking power of the "Liberator" papers. Of what, then, does its greatness consist? Its unprecedented audience for a book of this type? Only partially—though it is estimated that close to twenty million Americans have read it in one form or another. What makes "One World" of lasting importance is that it held up a mirror to the future. The central question of our time—and this holds true for peoples everywhere—is whether the world can see itself for what it is. It is a crisis in self-recognition. For the face of the world underwent an abrupt change in a single generation, a change which, measured in terms of previous history, would be spread out over a century or two or more. And yet the mind behind the face remained unchanged, hardly able to adjust itself to the shattering experiences of the past, let alone attune itself to the present or anticipate the bold dimensions of the future.

"When I say that peace must be planned on a world basis," he wrote, "I mean quite literally that it must embrace the earth. . . . Men and women are on the march, physically, intellectually, spiritually. . . . Men need more than arms with which to fight and win this kind of war. They need enthusiasms and a conviction that the flags they fight under are in bright, clean colors. The truth is that we as a nation have not made up our minds what kind of world we want to speak for when victory comes.

"America must choose one of three courses after this war: narrow nationalism, which inevitably means the ultimate loss of our own liberty; international imperialism, which means the sacrifice of some other nation's liberty; or the creation of a world in which there shall be an equality of opportunity for every race and every nation. . . ."

Generalizations, these, but generalizations that have the look and feel of honesty and urgency. They pointed to, and indeed called for, a structure of world peace far more coherent and cohesive than anything yet made public at the official conferences of the leading powers. How eloquent the difference between the precise and unabashed convictions on the organization of *one* world into a genuine governmental unit, and the feeble, vague gestures toward an undefined form of "international coöperation" made in such apparent heroism in the present political campaign. For the great danger today is that we may not realize that the issue facing us is not isolation vs. international coöperation so much as it is strong international commitments vs. lip-service international "organization." And the danger of the latter is indistinguishable from the danger of no organization at all. Even a new League can perform no miracles if it is designed only to correct the mistakes of 1919 and not to take care of the vastly advanced problems of 1944.

He lived in 1944. "I live in constant dread," he once wrote, "that the war may end before the people of this world have come to a common understanding of what they fight for and what they hope for after the war is over." He dedicated his life to that cause, though by so doing he alienated the dominant section of his own party, which persisted in confusing America's relationship to the world with the rough-and-tumble of domestic politics. Had he wished to genuflect, had he wished to string along with the politics-as-usual crowd at a time when the earth itself quivered with the weight of what was at stake as millions of men fought for a future which their leaders had not sufficiently defined—had he wished to do this, he might have been rewarded with another nomination for the Presidency. But he didn't want it under those terms; just as he was convinced that the American people wouldn't want him under those terms either.

He lost the nomination but he gained the respect and good will of millions of Americans in both political parties who saw in him a powerful and independent force for world good, realizing that world good was inseparable from American good. They were comforted and reassured by his very presence; he was a rugged and ominous menace to those who were tempted to play political football with world problems; no one knows how many political speeches were rewritten or revised because of that unseen influence. Whatever measure of true internationalism exists in his party he brought about largely by himself. And for the years to come, there was always the feeling that he was something of an insurance policy against anything happening without the American people being able to know about it in advance.

He was a bulwark for the making of tomorrow; but there is no reason why we should deprive ourselves of the full measure of his greatness. In his ideas are to be found the bold definitions of the opportunity before us, the virile and towering promise of the future. Wendell Willkie continues to be a great asset to America, and an even greater one to the world.

N. C.

How Shall I Tell You?

By C. P. Cuttino

HOW shall I tell you in a different way
What others sing in more melodic strain:
How from the caverns of my heart the pain
Wells near to bursting, ever seems to stay;
How with it all, my love is more complete,
Consuming all my body, all my mind;
How beats my heart upon your own heart's beat,
How all your wistful smiles but closer bind?
I've contemplated hate in my despair,
To fill the void your passing fancies leave,
Only to have my thoughts demand reprieve
From you, whose pain is more than I could bear.
No greater love has any man than mine,
Nor fastened on a lovelier design.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

John Dewey on "The Theory of Economic Progress"

SIR: The comment I have to make upon Mr. Henry Hazlitt's review of Ayres's "The Theory of Economic Progress" is decidedly belated. But the issue involved is likely to be timely for a long time to come and so I venture to make a comment at this relatively late date.

The thesis of my comment is that nowhere in his notice does Mr. Hazlitt (in spite of the express title of the book) state either the issue, Mr. Ayres's position regarding it, or the reasons given by the latter for taking it. Instead he set up what it would be a compliment to call a straw man. Anyone who depends upon Mr. Hazlitt will get a completely perverted idea of the book.

This is a serious charge. In evidence I select one instance as typical. The theory which Ayres presents and defends, briefly put, is that the state of industry at a given time reflects the state of technology of the period, which in turn reflects the state of scientific knowledge. Hence economic progress depends upon technological advances. The traditional, the "classic," theory of economics is that "the existence and progress of industrial society are contingent upon the accumulation of capital (funds) as the condition of the existence and growth of capital (equipment)." In criticizing this theory, Ayres has occasion to criticize an *argument*, in the form of an illustration, presented in support of the theory by Boehm-Bawerk, and he refers to its obvious "fatuity."

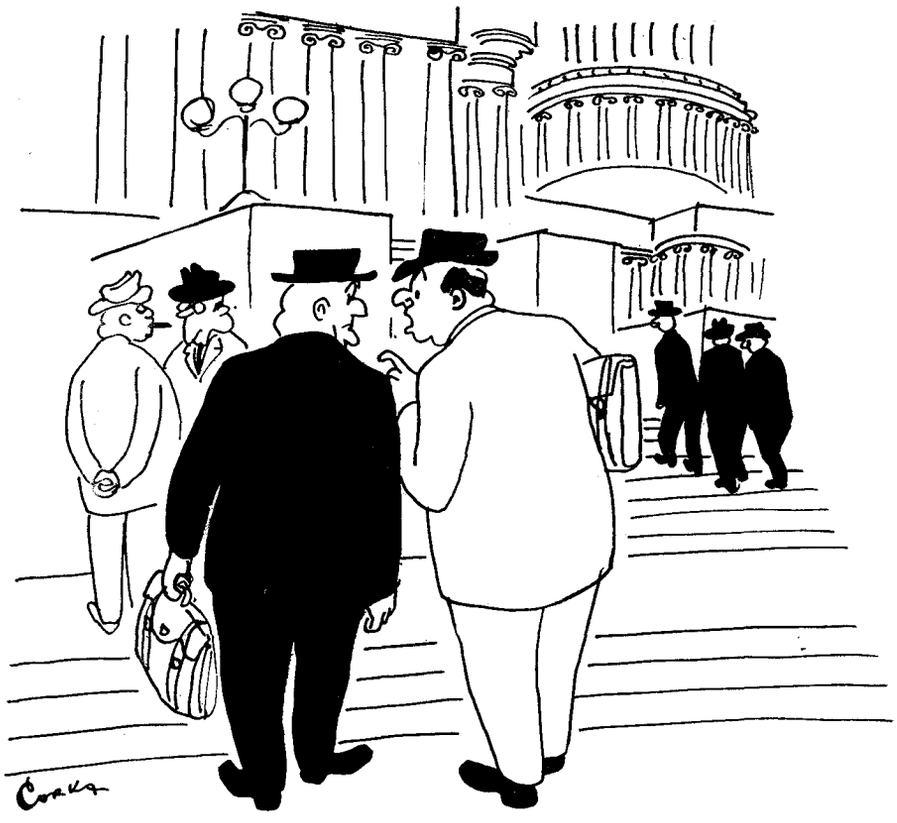
At the hands of Mr. Hazlitt, "argument" is transformed into "theory of capital and interest," so that Mr. Hazlitt can say that Ayres regards the *theory* as a fatuity and takes only three paragraphs "in refuting it (the theory) to his own satisfaction." In fact, the entire book is devoted to criticizing the theory of monetary capital or funds as the source of the progress of industrial society and to presentation of an alternative theory. And instead of regarding the theory as a "fatuity," Ayres expressly says that "it is to the credit of the classical tradition that this is the issue to which in the main it has been addressed," adding that if it can be established as correct the objections currently brought against the capitalist system, as, for example, on the ground of injustice and cruelty due to inequality, must be dismissed as part of the price paid for development of civilization. The alternative theory advanced by Ayres is that while accumulation is important what counts is not accumulation of funds, due to abstinence from consumption, but "is the cumulative process of industrial technology."

That this instance of misrepresentation is typical of the entire review may be further gathered from the following fact: Ayres's doctrine that technological progress, due to scientific advance, is the main source of progress in industrial society and hence in the civilization connected with the latter, becomes, in Mr. Hazlitt's representation, the theory that progress *itself* consists in "making tools to make tools"!

It is not incumbent upon a reviewer to praise the position of Ayres; it is not incumbent upon him to accept it. On the contrary, it is his proper business to criticize it adversely if he judges it needs such criticism. But I should suppose it to be reasonably axiomatic that the theory criticized should be one which is set forth in the book supposedly under review.

JOHN DEWEY.

New York City.



"I've heard this issue is so important that Dr. Gallup has an opinion on it personally."

Mr. Hazlitt Replies

SIR: It is "the application of Dewey's theory of valuation to an understanding of the meaning of value in the field of economics," Mr. Ayres declares in his book, "toward which the present discussion is attempting to move." It is not strange that Mr. Dewey should defend the work of his disciple. But it is regrettable that he should think it necessary to make the "serious" and unsubstantiated charge that my review gave a "completely perverted" idea of Mr. Ayres's book.

In interpreting Mr. Ayres's theory of value I was careful to warn the reader that "Mr. Ayres's reasoning on this point seems to me so dark and confused that I am not certain I can do it justice." Neither Mr. Dewey's letter, however, nor a re-reading of the relevant passages, has convinced me that my interpretation actually was unjust, on this or any other point. What are we to make, for example, of this astonishing passage on page 242:

> We sometimes hear it said that the only result of the invention, for example, of airplanes is that people are killing each other on a larger scale than ever before. If such a proposition were true, it would indeed nullify the technological conception of progress [*i.e.*, Mr. Ayres's conception]; for if people are indeed being killed on a larger scale than ever before, this circumstance must eventually operate to the disadvantage of further airplane building and of technological development generally.

One can only gather from this that under the "technological conception" the test of progress is not what happens to humanity, but what happens to "further airplane building" or to "technological development!"

I assumed in my review that what Mr. Ayres was mainly trying to unfold in his book was a new theory of value. His publishers also assume so. "For the price theory of value," they tell us on the jacket, "the author substitutes a conception of value drawn

(*Continued on page* 32)

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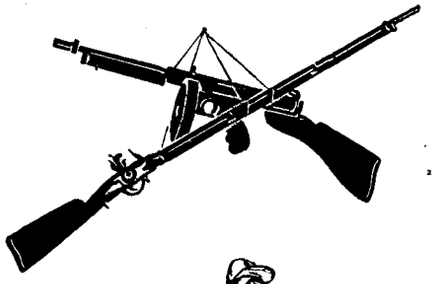

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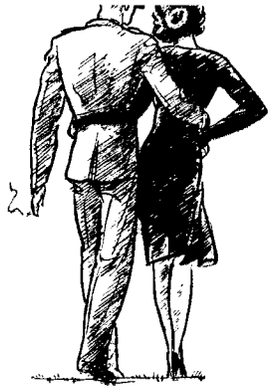

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(*Continued from page* 29)

from technology itself." I tried to state this theory almost entirely in Mr. Ayres's own words. But Mr. Dewey now tells us that the *real* central theory of the book is "that the state of industry at a given time reflects the state of technology of the period, which in turn reflects the state of scientific knowledge. Hence economic progress depends upon technological advances."

I am willing to take Mr. Dewey's word for it. But I must confess that without his help I should hardly have suspected, reading Mr. Ayres's pretentious volume, that its real theory was anything so simple and obvious as this. For to state that industry, technology, and science are interdependent and advance together is to state a mere truism. I can think of no "orthodox" economist of standing who would dispute it. The real question is, of course, what factors, forces, and incentives make possible and promote technological advance? It is at this point that economic analysis would call attention to the determining role played by previous production, saving, and capital accumulation.

It was Boehm-Bawerk who made the greatest contribution on this point of any single economist. It is merely captious for Mr. Dewey to insist that the "fatuity" of which Mr. Ayres accuses Boehm-Bawerk applies not to the latter's theory of capital and interest but merely to an argument in support of the theory. The argument so labeled happens to be central to theory. If it is fatuous the whole of Boehm-Bawerk's theory must be so. On the very next page, for that matter, Mr. Ayres continues: "Not only does the [Boehm-Bawerk] 'roundabout' *theory* [my italics] confuse industrial facts," etc.

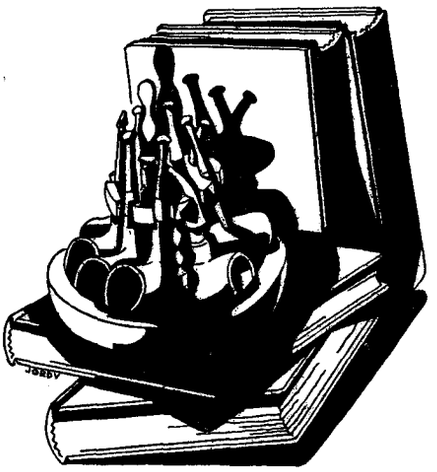
The only fatuity involved, as it happens, applies not to Boehm-Bawerk's argument or theory but to Mr. Ayres's "refutation" of it. As Mr. Dewey has raised the point of misrepresentation and perversion, perhaps this is the place to add what I refrained from saying in my review: that Mr. Ayres himself grossly perverts and misrepresents the views of the great "traditional" economists that he attempts to criticize. Let us charitably attribute this not to deliberate intent, but to a profound lack of understanding of these writers that his prevailing tone of condescension and irony does not conceal.

HENRY HAZLITT.

New York, N. Y.

Mr. Wylie's Cinderella

SIR: Mr. Philip Wylie, in his admirable discussion of the Cinderella story, says "maybe the man who invented the myth made that slip unconsciously." The slip, or slipper, of course has long been a favorite argument among folklorists. I presume that Mr. Wylie is familiar with the theory that Perrault, who gave the tale its now crystallized form of *la petite pantoufle*



de verre, misunderstood an oral version in which it was a slipper of *vair* —which might mean either fur, or (as in heraldry) varicolored.

We were all bothered by the glass slipper in youth, and the explanation of *vair* instead of *verre* was more comfortable. Probably this is old stuff to Mr. Wylie, but it may interest a few readers.

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

The Fantods, L. I.

SIR: In Mr. Philip Wylie's article in the issue of September 30, he says he thinks perhaps the inventor of the Cinderella story gave her glass slippers "unconsciously, because its psychological soundness is beyond question: a glass slipper is equivalent to an Achilles' heel."

But I have heard differently! In the original Cinderella story, her slipper was of "vair," a squirrel fur much used in the fourteenth century as trimming on costly garments. The word "vair" is from the French, but when the story was told to children, they mistook the word "vair" for the other French word similarly pronounced, namely "verre," meaning glass. Thus it was that Cinderella's slippers turned from soft fur into brittle glass, and glass they have remained ever since.

THEODORE H. KENWORTH.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Where Is the Other Germany?"

SIR: Congratulations on your editorial in the issue of Sept. 23 ["Where Is the Other Germany?"] We will always love German civilization to which we owe so much—but it was the civilization of pre-Bismarckian Germany —and it may, let us hope, flower again when the Bismarckian Reich, this curse upon Germany and the world, will be destroyed.

HANS KOHN.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: Your editorial "Where Is the 'Other Germany'?" [*SRL* Sept. 23] reminded me of a passage in Jan-Albert Goris's "Belgium in Bondage" (N. Y.: L. B. Fischer, 1943. Dr. Goris was professor of history at Louvain University, Chef de Cabinet for the Belgian Minister of Economic Affairs, and is now Commissioner of Information for Belgium in the American Hemisphere and editor of *News From Belgium and the Belgian Congo.* His editorials there are, says James Hilton, "always forthrightly, sometimes brilliantly written, with a sharp cutting edge, a humane temper, and an always definite point of view." He did not begin to write in English until 1941). The passage runs:

"There is no reason to dissociate Germans from Nazis. The Germans themselves do not do it. I once was browsing in a German bookshop in Wittenberg. It took me more than an hour. I finally was driven out by the constant repetition, maybe 300 to 400 times, of 'Heil Hitler' by the shopgirl, an innocent-looking, homely creature who up to 1933 had always said Grüss Gott and who now invoked Hitler's name every 15 seconds in greeting or parting. No people in the world other than the Germans can cede their individuality like that. They have become heathen, dervishes of the Braunau Moloch, intoxicated, inebriated with their own thick mental brew.

"You can do only one of two things with them after the war: either kill them or convert them. It took them a couple of centuries to pervert themselves. It may take as long to cure them. Now that the 'white man's burden' is being lifted from his stooped shoulders, another load is heaped on him: the duty and the dire necessity, after having beaten the Germans, of curing their minds of the horrible poison Hitler's witches, Goering, Goebbels, Rosenberg, and Himmler, have been distilling into the minds of the people from whom sprang Goethe, Haydn, Mozart and Bach—four gentlemen whose fathers fortunately did not meet Mr. Hemingway on their road to posterity."

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: While we are talking about what we must do with the Germany of the future, there is a distinction between the Anglo-American mind and the German mind that must not be forgotten. The Anglo-American draws his ideas out of experience. The German draws his ideas out of his inner consciousness and tries to impose them upon experience. In a world of reality such as we are living in more and more day by day this is as naïve a mental process as that of the young man who says, "It is highly fortunate that great art knows nothing of these antithetical distinctions—none has to do with that eternal spirit which is at once the essence and the genesis of great art." Neither art nor ideas have any substantial validity when they are not founded on the realities of human experience.

These realities naturally differ with time and place, but that is a thing of

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no moment to a Leibnitz or a Hegel or to the spirit of esthetic adolescence. It must be made a matter of moment to the German mind, whether esthetic, political, or social, if Germany is to be anything but a nuisance to her neighbors. That may take a long time. The First World War gave the German a chance to ground some of his ideas on a momentous experience. He refused to do so. When again he becomes the mastered race he must be thoroughly imbued with the fact of the repeated reality in order that he may at least begin shaping his ideas in the way of the child who in his untutored innocence sticks a finger against a hot stove. Perhaps in time, by reason of sufficiently stern experiences, he may toss his subjective philosophers to the wind and enter upon an objective canvassing of the nature of his universe.

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH,
Dean Emeritus.
Drake University,
Des Moines, Iowa.

SIR: I have been for over fifty years a sympathetic student and expositor of German thought. But the docile and stubborn way in which the German people have followed, profited by, and arrogantly gloried in the devilish brutalities of Nazidom have brought me reluctantly to the same conclusion that is forcibly put in your "The Other Germany." I fear that those who are banking on this "Other Germany" are following a will o' the wisp. When, in our time, has there been any substantial evidence that any considerable portion of the German people have shown any fighting moral and civic courage in the face of the campaign to demolish the cultural and moral values of a Kant, a Goethe, a Schiller? Is not the triumphant destruction of these values epitomized in the remark of Goebbels, quoted in Bella Fromm's book "Blood and Banquets"—"Who the hell is Schiller?"

When a publisher is found who has enough moral backbone, I wish to be counted an advance subscriber to Burt's and Szyk's book.

J. A. LEIGHTON,
Emeritus Professor of Philosophy.
Ohio State University,
Worthington, Ohio.

A Republican in the House

SIR: It is becoming increasingly difficult to find an unbiased review in *The Saturday Review* on any of the new books on economics and politics, and even some novels. The reviewer always feels impelled to insert a paragraph of derision and scorn about the Republican party and Free Enterprise. In your magazine, the two are fast becoming synonymous, and The Phoenix Nest is equally guilty, going even further and making the two synonymous with chicanery, disrepute, and bigotry, by printing uninspired and childish flotsam and jetsam reminiscent of the poems and stupidities circulated by every office force and laid on the manager's desk and which he tosses in the nearest waste basket.

The Saturday Review is a magazine of such interesting and inspiring minds that it holds a unique place in the literature of our country, but when every other reviewer feels called upon to insert his own political views in his criticisms, it becomes more and more a partisan magazine. Granted there is no one more inept and boring than a person with *no* point of view, nor a standard bearer with no flag to unfurl, it is still strange that nowhere in your publication can be found any derisive verse or paragraph about any of the sideshow barkers in the party in power.

It may interest some of your reviewers, who may have lost touch with the growth of the nation, that there are *young* Republicans in the country. Young Republicans who have never had any communion with the Old Republican Bosses, and the stigma of their machinations; young Republicans who are not isolationists, who believe in honest unions, and are sincerely concerned for the laboring man and his welfare, who are working and dying for the nation, who have no racial and religious prejudices, and who are interested in the progress and finer traditions of our country, and who are against any and *all* manifestations of abuse of power, be it Business, Labor, or Government. Remember, when the Old Guard was abusing the American system, we were still sipping sodas at the corner drug store. When we read between the lines in most of your reviews and are told, by implication, that all that is good and noble emanates from the White House and the man in it, and all that is base, false, and intolerant is lumped together with Republicanism and free enterprise, we are constrained to doubt the validity and integrity of the intellectual mind. It is incredible that every carpetbagger, every business man, every executive, was and is a Republican; and by the same token that every liberal, every praiseworthy, deserving, meritorious, and sterling character is a Democrat.

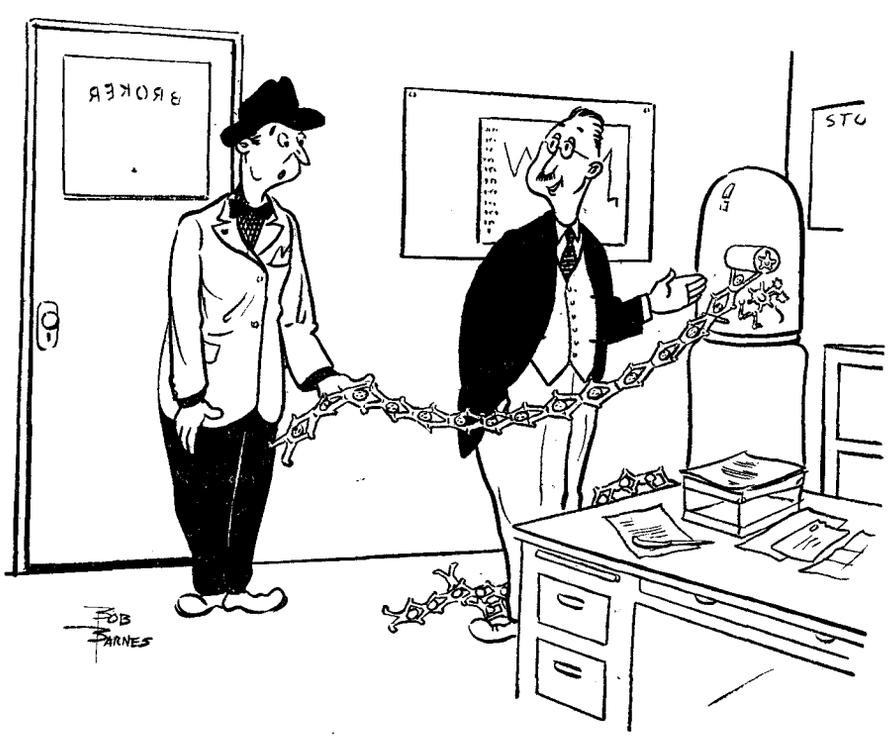
Basically, there seem to be three types of government in the world today, excluding the decayed monarchies. Democracies with free enterprise, Fascism with none, and Socialism with none. If free enterprise is so malignant, so corrupt, so unmanageable, which of the above are we to embrace? That is intended as a precise question—naivete in the realm of politics prompts it and it would be interesting to have an answer.

LAURA W. DOUGLAS.
Terrace Park, Ohio

Mr. Byington Started Something

SIR: It is quite possible that we do need "a science of grammar" as suggested by Mr. Steven T. Byington in his letter to you of September 2. Grammar may be at loose ends, but apparently so is the ability to write a concise and well-constructed sentence as well as a grammatical one. Mr. Byington's letter contains this sentence:

> They still, at least in practice, agree with the late Professor Cook of Yale, who said publicly that there could be no scientific study of English unless it started with learning Anglo-Saxon well and then go on with a course in modern English grammar, we could dispense with the latter, and who explicitly re-



"Guts out the middleman."

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fused to believe that in such sciences as geology our greatest advances in the knowledge of the past have been made by men who first studied the present and then interpreted the past by what they had learned of the present.

THOMAS R. COWARD.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I think I can solve Mr. Steven Byington's problem about whether it is I that he saw or me.

He creates his problem by "agreeing" that "It is I that saw him" is good English. It is very bad English. The whole arrangement is artificial, alien to the natural rhythm of English speech. "I was the one that saw him" would come more naturally to most English-speaking people.

If you do use the "It is" introduction, however, it was not I, but me, that saw him. Let no one tell me that *me* is accusative and therefore ungrammatical after a linking verb. What makes it an accusative? There is no law forbidding English to have disjunctive forms, like the French *moi* and *lui*, and English does in plain fact have special disjunctive forms in me, him, her, and us. It is difficult to understand why so many generations of English speakers should have tried so hard, and so vainly, not to recognize those disjunctives which are so deeply rooted in the language that they have never been dislodged to any important extent by all the "low-grade" teachers in the land. Me, him, her, and us are *also* accusative forms, when used in the accusative case. When used in the nominative case they are not accusative and it is absurd to pretend that they are.

This should take care of "It is I that he saw." Let us drop the affected timidity which makes us go to the telephone and bleat "This is he." The full silliness of this strange conviction that conjunctive nominative forms are more elegant than disjunctives comes out in the speech of the half-educated who say "Mother gave it to her and I."

I did not invent English disjunctive pronouns, though I must admit that I did not discover them until they were pointed out to me in graduate courses in comparative grammar. Professor Adriaan J. Barnouw of Columbia University is the last teacher whom I heard explode at the sound of an "It is I," but there have been others.

WINIFRED MCALISTER.

New York 10, N. Y.

Thompson-Edman

SIR: The detached reader is greatly entertained by the battle of wits, or the thorns without roses which Miss Dorothy Thompson and Professor Irwin Edman are hurling at each other. We hope that both hides are thick enough to resist penetrations. May the ungentle sport go on.

Back at the start, among the Greeks, the philosopher had no predecessors whom he had to master, and no foreign languages to learn. All he had to do was sit or walk around in the shade and philosophize, sending his name and ideas down the ages clean to us. It would seem that anyone could become a philosopher on such easy terms.

When the young aspirant to the crown of wisdom starts out today, under Professor Edman or somebody else, he must master all the philosophers whose books have survived, down to the treatise just off the press, from all parts of the world and in a number of different languages. This gigantic undertaking is necessary before one can start on his own and manufacture a new system. Otherwise in ignorance he might repeat what some far off famous one has said far better than he has done, and be charged, maybe by Professor Edman, of peddling stolen goods in poor condition. If it be true, as Mark Twain or somebody has said, that the ancients stole all our ideas, then no new system can be made.

How does a professor in these times go about teaching philosophy? And how can one tell a philosopher from one who is a fake? But we may keep before us what Cicero wrote in his old age, out of his tragedies and disillusionments—One cannot praise philosophy as she deserves to be, since she qualifies the one who follows her to pass free of worry through every period of life. (*De Senectute* I. 3).

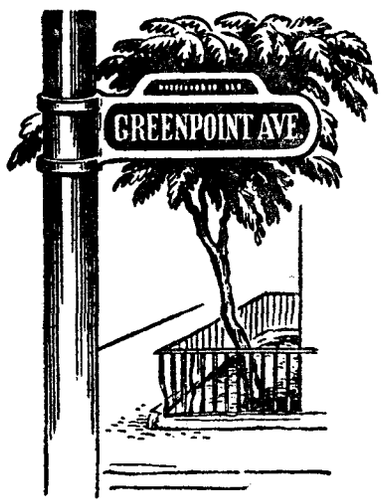
HILARY G. RICHARDSON.

Yonkers, N. Y.

Are Trees Incurable?

SIR:

A TREE BOOMS IN BROOKLYN



Willy-nilly, puddin'
and pie.
J. Ann Struther can't
make me cry.
I wrote this poem just
to say,
That what grows on my
Tree ain't hay.

BETTY SMITH.

SIR:

ENTER ADOLF

Alas, what has Jan Struther done
To all the little children's fun!
Has she really thought of these?
What about the Christmas Trees?

Don't send any trees to hell.
Hitler'd find it just too swell
To have a tree to climb up in
When he's paid out for his sin.

GRACE CLARKE.

New London, Conn.

SIR:

ONLY LIGHTNING STRIKES A TREE

I think that I shall never see
Sadder sight than a stricken tree.
A tree which grew to shade the land,
And shelter those who understand
The smiling bounty nature gave
The seedling small and lone and brave;
That lifts its branches 'gainst the blast
And with its sturdy roots holds fast.
It stands alone with riven trunk—
Benign design, it says, is bunk.
Poems are made by fools like me,
For only lightning strikes a tree.

The force Ben Franklin's kite ensnared,
And with the peoples brightly shared
In one of nature's tantrums thrown
Upon this tree, which stood alone,
The "wrath of God," which should be held
For those deserving to be felled.
The proud tree stands a ghastly wreck—
I wonder what ungainly sect
Will point a moral to this tale
For those who swallow Jonah's whale.
Poems are made by fools like me
But only lightning strikes a tree!

PAUL J. CAMPBELL.

Fraternity of the Wooden Leg, Inc.
East St. Louis, Ill.

SIR:

GYPSY ROSE TREE

I know the poem and who made the tree,
But there is one thing that baffles me,
Why does a tree—the silly drip
Choose a cold month in which to strip.

FLORENCE M. SULLIVAN.

Okmulgee, Oklahoma.

SIR:

VERSUS AND CURSES

Why should a pome and tree possess
The selfsame kind of loveliness?
Dear chattering comrades pray have done
With this useless comparison.
Poor Kilmer little dreamed his verse
Would start a hot discussion curse!
I swear the pen's a vicious tool.
By by.
Another rhyming "fool."

JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

IDOLATREE

I think that big tree's hungry mouth
Was pressed in vain in this year's drouth;

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As for me, I'll take some wine and thou
And verses *underneath* the bough.

P.S.:

If you ask me where I'd rather be
Than under a spreading chestnut tree,
I'll give you this answer every time:
I'd rather be underneath a rhyme.

HAZEL DUNCAN.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

THE LAST WORD

I think that I
Shall never see
A poem as useful
As a tree.

ROVER.

"Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers"

SIR: Sara Henderson Hay's critique of La Halsey's "Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers" is what one would call a "digging-up-the-dirt" review. Largely ignoring the intrinsic merits, and stressing the reviewer's personal notion of its putative shortcomings. Why judge or read it on a basis other than that of the entertainment which it copiously and agreeably purveys? ". . . a thinly veiled treatise on racial discrimination, etc." says the reviewer. All right. So what? If more treatises on causes were written in similar vein and with so much wit and sparkle, probably they would be more widely read and gain more converts. In the commencement of the second paragraph one is reminded that while "however" may be more subtle, as a word-weapon, it is just as nawsty in its damnatory force as the good, old reliable splifficating "but."

ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 69

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 69 will be found in the next issue.

FA BCX GFDQ KC EJDKNCB HLHNFIJ, BCX RXDK EJDKNCB MXPXNB, GQFIQ FD FKD RCKQJN.

—IFIJNC.—EJ CNHKCNJ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 68

NOR BRIGHTER WAS HIS EYE, NOR MOISTER THAN A TOO-LONG OPENED OYSTER.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

—PIED PIPER.

A WELCOME HAND TO BELL SYSTEM WAR VETERANS

Some day we shall have the pleasure of welcoming back to the Bell System the men and women who are now in the armed forces. They number more than 55,000. Some 3500 released from service are already back with us. We shall have a warm welcome for the rest as they join us again. Not only shall we be glad to see them personally but we shall be glad of their skill and energy for the big tasks which face the Bell System in the future.

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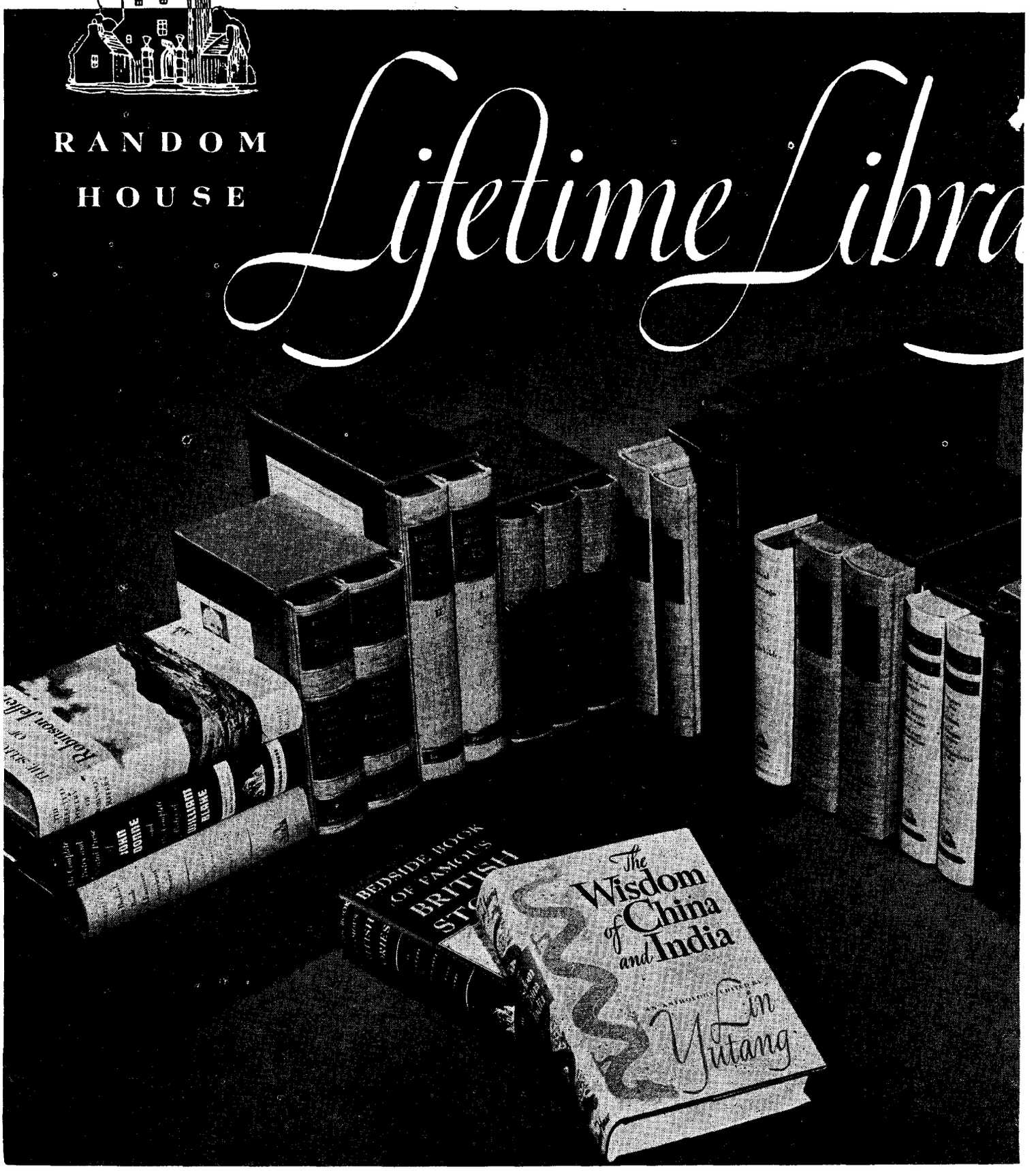

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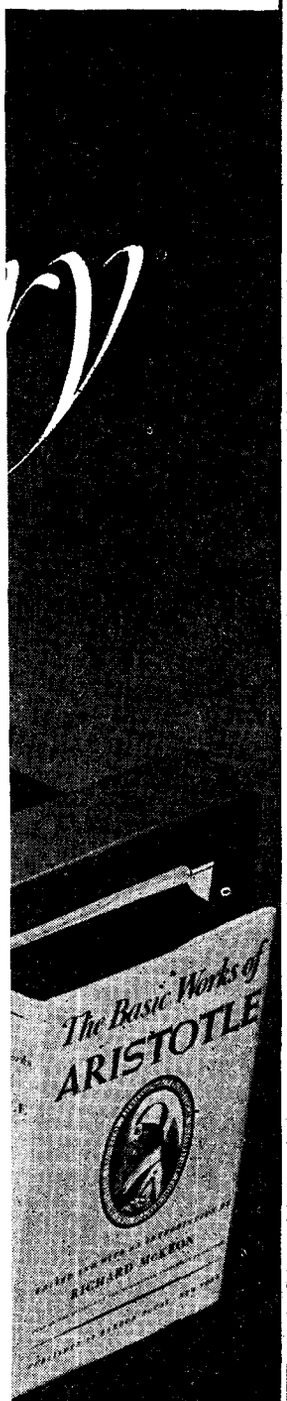

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TRADE Winds

FRED MELCHER, head of *Publishers' Weekly,* and the only man in the United States who considers copyright bills hammock reading, cleared his throat nervously. Everybody sensed that an important pronouncement was forthcoming. Even Jack Cominsky fell silent. Then Fred Melcher spoke. "Next year," he said in slow, measured tones, "is the seventy-fifth anniversary of the banana!"

For a moment nobody uttered a syllable. Then pandemonium (Amy Loveman's cocker spaniel) broke loose, and in the excitement I rushed to the encyclopedia to do some checking.

Mr. Melcher, of course, was referring to the banana—or gigantic herbaceous plant belonging to the genus Museceae, as I like to think of it—in the United States. In 1870, Captain Lorenzo Dow Baker sailed his schooner out of Wellfleet, Mass., with a cargo of mining machinery destined for Venezuela. On the way home he put in at Jamaica, ate his first banana, yelled "Eureka!," and put a dozen clusters of the succulent fruit aboard for his wife and kiddies. By the time he reached Wellfleet the bananas had rotted, but Captain Baker was a persistent character. On his next voyage, he had the good sense to put green bananas in the hold and let them ripen on the way back. Mr. Baker thereupon organized the Boston Fruit Company, which in turn became the United Fruit Company, which in turn became the owner of just about everything in Jamaica and adjacent territory. Before the war disrupted transportation, the banana industry reached an annual gross of over fifty million dollars and provided Sigmund Spaeth with a lifetime income from demonstrating how "Yes, We Have No Bananas!" was lifted from Handel's *Messiah.* . . .

SPEAKING OF ANNIVERSARIES, Richmond P. Miller reminds me that this is the tercentenary of William Penn, and suggests that Election Eve provides an appropriate moment to reprint a paragraph from Penn's preface to the Charter of Pennsylvania:

> Government is endowed to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power; for liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery. . . . Governments, like clocks, go from the motion Men give them; and as Governments are made and mov'd by Men, so by Them they are Ruin'd too: wherefore Governments rather depend upon Men, than Men upon Governments. Let Men be good, and the Government can't be bad; if it be ill, they will cure it: but if Men be bad, let the Government be never so good, they will endeavor to warp and spoil it in their turn.

Penn was given the patent to Pennsylvania in satisfaction of a debt of £16,000 due the estate of his father. It was the largest land grant made to any of the colonial proprietors. Penn wanted to name the territory "New Wales," but a Welshman in the King's Council, no admirer of the Quakers, declared this to be a desecration. "Pennsylvania" was a compromise choice. (The things you learn by reading Trade Winds!) . . . When Penn first visited King Charles, he kept his hat on his head in accordance with the custom of his sect. The King promptly doffed his own hat. Penn, surprised, queried, "Friend Charles, wherefore dost thou uncover thyself?" "Friend Penn," answered the King with a smile, "it is the custom of this place for only one man to wear his hat at a time." . . . William Hull, late professor of the history of Quakerism at Swarthmore, was proceeding gaily down Philadelphia's Broad Street one day, when he drove right past a "stop" signal. An outraged traffic cop, very Irish, very big, lumbered up and roared, "Where do you think you're goin'?" Dr. Hull replied calmly, "Friend, I neither saw thy sign, nor heard thy whistle." The cop stared, scratched his head, and grumbled, "Aw, get the hell out of here." . . . He evidently wasn't raised on Quaker Oaths. . . .

VAN WYCK BROOKS'S next book will be called "Walt Whitman and His Contemporaries." . . . A new volume of Saroyan stories, called "Dear Baby," is on its way from Harcourt, Brace. . . . The Hagedorn Bookshop, most elaborate since the war began, has opened with a flourish on Locust Street, Saint Louis. Its first promotion piece is a honey. . . . Houghton Mifflin reports that front-page stories about the fabulous Mont Saint-Michel have stimulated the sale of Henry Adams's "Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres." . . . Dixon Wecter's "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is climbing on the best-seller lists. A sound and stimulating book! . . . The Henry James revival is in full swing. A collection of his short novels has just been published. Henry Canby is writing his biography. And Clifton Fadiman is editing a bumper volume of his best short stories. . . . Jake Wilk, Warner executive, dined at a French restaurant and ordered Sanka. They brought him five cups of coffee. . . . A first novel you will soon be hearing a lot about is a Whittlesey House discovery: "A Lion in the Street," by Adria Langley. An MGM official hinted that it might well have captured the recent $125,000 award, had the subject matter been less laden with dynamite. The central character suggests a late American demagogue who was bumped off in the nick of time. . . . H. Allen Smith has the perfect title for a new humor anthology: "The Desert Island Decameron." . . . Philip Van Doren Stern, ticketed for a return to Simon and Schuster at the war's end, resents my inference that his work there will be confined to the manufacturing department. It seems he's to have the run of the joint. . . .

LIPPINCOTT is making quite a thing out of a mystery novel called "Death and the Devil," by Paul Whelton. Could the author be any relation of the character by the same name in Ring Lardner's "The Story of a Wonder Man?" That gentleman bobbed up as best man at the wedding of the hero and Hugga Much, the Eskimo heiress. Lardner described him as the electric chair tester at Sing Sing, whose duty consisted of sitting in the chair just before an execution, and telling the electrician whether the current was just right or a tiny bit too strong. . . . Among the latest books banned in Eire because they are "in their general tendency indecent" are recent works of Vicki Baum and James T. Farrell, William Huie's "Mud on the Stars," Vardis Fisher's "Darkness of the Deep," Marcia Davenport's "The Valley of Decision," Ilka Chase's "In Bed We Cry," Upton Sinclair's "Wide Is the Gate," and Margaret Mead's scholarly and authoritative "Growing Up in New Guinea" and "Coming of Age in Samoa." Padraic Colum, the world's greatest professional Irishman, will undoubtedly have a satisfactory explanation. . . . Wise words from the preface of Wystan Auden's forthcoming volume of collected poetry: "In the eyes of every author, I fancy, his own past work falls into four classes. First, the pure rubbish which he regrets ever having conceived. Second, for him the most painful, the good ideas which his incompetence or impatience prevented from coming to much. Third, the pieces he has nothing

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"I was born backstage—in the legitimate theater of course."

against except their lack of importance; these must inevitably form the bulk of any collection since, were he to limit it to the fourth class alone, to those poems for which he is honestly grateful, his volume would be too depressingly slim." . . .

A GROUP OF thirsty book peddlers fell to gossiping the other evening about the good old days in Gimbel's New York book department, when the formidable Alice Dempsey held sway. In 1923, Samuel Hopkins Adams was exposing unfair advertising in a noteworthy series in the *New York Tribune,* and one of his articles aroused the ire of the Gimbel hierarchy. They retaliated by discouraging the sale of all his books in the Gimbel chain. Miss Dempsey dutifully scorned his new novel, "Siege," but when "Flaming Youth," by Warner Fabian, came out a few weeks later, she gave it a whopping display and sold over a thousand copies. An ugly rumor finally reached her to the effect that "Warner Fabian" was Sam Adams himself, but an unsung hero from the Boni and Liveright sales staff convinced her in confidence that it really was Rudyard Kipling. . . . "Flaming Youth" was only one of Liveright's great best sellers that year. He also published "Black Oxen," "The Story of Mankind," new books by O'Neill, Dreiser, and Ludwig Lewisohn —and several volumes of poetry by pretty ladies who knew the exact moment to bring up the subject of contracts. . . .

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB earmarked three Harper publications for future distribution: Glenway Westcott's "Apartment in Athens," James Thurber's "Merry-Go-Round," and Richard Wright's "Black Boy." Another reserve selection is Jan Karski's "Story of a Secret State," an account of the Polish underground (Houghton Mifflin). . . . The advance sale on Ernie Pyle's "Brave Men" (Henry Holt) is close to a quarter of a million! . . . New firm of literary agents: Long, Bloch, and Long. First client: Jean Bloch's father, Bertram, Fox Film executive, whose new play was promptly sold to Jed Harris. . . . Louis Untermeyer thinks Macmillan overlooked a bet when they didn't rename Kathleen Winsor's "Forever Amber," "Gone with the Winsor." . . .

BERNARD PERRY submits these additions to the Publisher's Dictionary:

PAPER SHORTAGE: Publisher's 18-karat alibi for turning down book he wouldn't have taken under any circumstances.

ADVANCE: Payment to author by publisher, regarded by latter as investment, by former as gift for trip to Florida, by agent as insufficient.

BEST SELLER LIST: Compilation of weekly bookstore reports on titles they are stuck with.

SECOND LARGE PRINTING: Device to avoid giving actual sales figures.

And W. S. H. defines a CATALOGUE as "a sprightly, seasonal, advance description of books that will be postponed until next year." . . .

AS A RESULT of the violent reader reaction to a certain piece in *Life* Magazine, a number of Mr. Luce's young men are said to have added Bullitt-proof vests to their wardrobes.

BENNETT CERF.

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Married at Leisure

By VIRGINIA LEDERER

Drawings by ALAJALOV

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Invitation to New Zealand

UNDERSTANDING NEW ZEALAND. By Frederick L. Wood. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1944. 267 *pp.* $3.75.

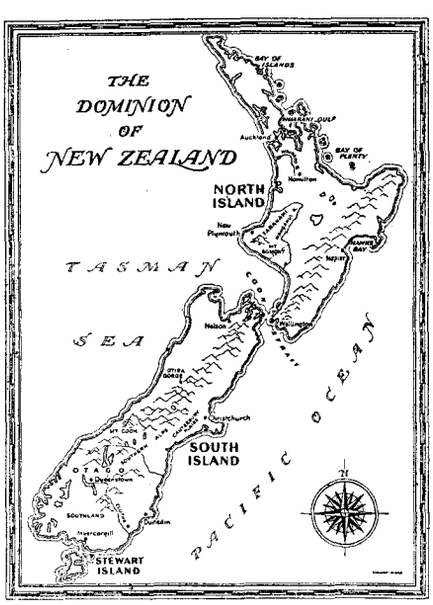
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

A FEW years ago New Zealand lay three weeks from the United States by monotonous sea-voyage. Now men travel thither in three days from San Francisco, and those with special facilities may even make the trip in two. After the war people with money in their pockets can run down to the bustling port of Auckland or the windy capital city of Wellington for a fortnight as easily as New Yorkers used to go to Maine or Florida. And since scores of thousands of American marines, sailors, and airmen have become familiar with the delights of the North Island (not so many have gone down to Christchurch or Dunedin in the south), and have written home about them, we may expect the stream of travel to be considerable.

It should be considerable. Some will go to catch the fifteen-pound trout, to hunt deer and elk, and to stalk the moose. Some will go to taste teheroa soup and smoked blue-cod. Some will make the trip to study the Maori, noblest of Polynesians. Some will visit the New Zealand Alps for skiing, mountain-climbing, or the scenic wonders of glacier and fiord; some will marvel at the geysers and terraces of the thermal area, or at the giant kauri trees. A good many, we hope, will stay long enough to study in some detail the social-insurance legislation, the public health measures, and the relations between labor and the government. Inevitably, a good many of the visitors will bring back mixed or unfavorable reports. They will see that New Zealand is provincial—it can hardly help that; that many of its people are self-complacent—that ought to be helped; that the conflict between those who approve and those who disapprove governmental intervention in economic life is marked—for mistakes *have* been made. But all who take down clear eyes and open minds will agree that as the country is physically one of the most beautiful under the sun, so it is socially and governmentally one of the most fascinating.

New Zealand is small—less than 110,000 square miles; its population is tiny—only some 1,600,000 people; its economy has till lately been based entirely on agriculture, stock-growing, and a little mining. But it is nevertheless difficult to sum up New Zealand even in a fair-sized book. It has many variegations of climate, stretching from the citrus belt north of Auckland to bleak Invercargill, the southernmost city in the world; variegations of society, with Dunedin almost more Scottish than Aberdeen, Christchurch almost more English than Canterbury, and Auckland with a bold cosmopolitan look; variegations of social, cultural, and political outlook. Regarding themselves as distinctly superior to the rougher, freer, more boldly enterprising Australians, the New Zealanders differ from them in certain very distinct ways. They possess a history that since Wakefield first helped mould it has been all their own; and this history does much to explain why agrarian New Zealand responded to the great agricultural depression of the 1880s and 1890s with so much more constructive vigor than agrarian America. The New Zealanders have a pride of country that is not unlike the New Englanders' pride in their own section in the days of the New England flowering, and that allows for a great deal of local esteem. In no country are there sturdier and more attractive towns of the middle size, from 20,000 to 40,000 people; and Nelson is quite unlike Wanganui, as Timaru is quite unlike Palmerston North.

Difficult as it is to deal satisfactorily with the land, its history, its experiments, and its social temper in a book of two hundred and fifty pages, Professor Woos has achieved a genuine success in the attempt. He is an Australian by birth, who after education in England became a member of the Victoria University College staff in Wellington; and he brings a commendable amount of objectivity to his undertaking. The book treats of government, farming, education, industry, war, and "the providential march of social equality." The author realizes that he is writing at one of the most interesting moments in New Zealand history. Since the Labor Government came to power some years ago, first under Savage and then under Fraser, the march of social legislation so long interrupted has been resumed. The war has done much to alter New Zealand's economy, as it has Australia's, stimulating a mushroom growth of secondary industries. War service, and contact with large bodies of American troops, has brushed some of the provincialism from New Zealand, and accelerated social and literary experimentation. All this finds its reflection in Mr. Wood's pages.



—From the end paper of the book.

He rightly emphasizes the fact that although New Zealand's 1,600,000 people are 99 per cent British, they are not really homogeneous; for as he says, the country "came to life segment by segment." He rightly emphasizes, too, the increasing determination of New Zealand to assert its nationhood. It never followed the British lead in external affairs quite so blindly as some commentators have suggested, and hereafter (though, like Australia, it is fervently loyal to the British Commonwealth of Nations) it will pursue its own path with independent vigor. Dr. Wood takes a hopeful view of New Zealand culture, pointing out some of the new currents emphasized by Monte Holcroft and other writers. The islands badly need more population, which would support better magazines, newspapers, and publishing houses; they badly need a true university in addition to the four university colleges; they badly need some protection against that constant export of talent which sent Katherine Mansfield and Lord Rutherford to England, and has sent distinguished men to America. All this will in due time come, and the author's optimism is therefore to some extent justified. It is to be wished that Dr. Wood had given a little more space to a description of New Zealand's unique physical attractions, for a satisfactory account of which the reader will have to turn to such a book as Alan Mukgan's "Pilgrim's Way in New Zealand." It is to be wished that he had been more realistic in his treatment of government; the names of the two labor chieftains who exert such tremendous power behind the throne, Messrs. Roberts and Walsh, do not occur anywhere in the book. He might have been a bit franker about some of the natural intellectual limitations of his land. But taken as a whole this is a satisfying and enlightening volume about one of the most delightful, interesting, and (of recent years) progressive countries on the planet.

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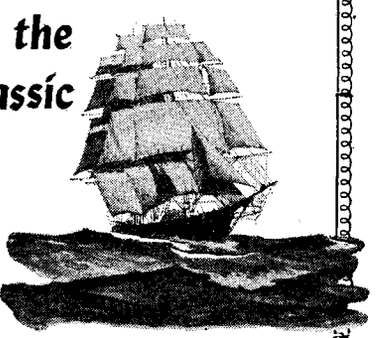

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Kathleen Winsor's Salty Dish

FOREVER AMBER. By Kathleen Winsor. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 972 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

THIS is the bawdiest novel I have read in years. Take a dash of "Moll Flanders," add a cupful of Fielding and Smollett, flavor with Pepys, stir in plenty of Congreve, strengthen the mixture with liberal quantities of Restoration memoirs—and there you have Miss Winsor's salty dish. Its 300,000 or more words teem with action, color, zest, and gusto. It is sloppily written, diffuse. Its dialogue is often stilted and amateurish; again, in many passages, the conversation of its tremendous gallery of characters is stridently alive, vibrant with the color of Charles II's reign—this is particularly true of the chapters devoted to the sexual diversions of his Court. The book is incredibly vulgar, no fare for squeamish souls. But it has pace and action. A great wind, tinged with the miasma of a sick society, blows through its pages. There is never a dull moment in the narration of the headlong, conscienceless career of beautiful Amber St. Clair, who, in ten crowded years, lifted herself from the dubious position of belle of a village green to the rank of Duchess and possessor of the King's chancey favor.

Amber was a typical flower of the confused period of the Civil Wars and the Restoration. She was born a bastard through no fault of her father and mother, both of them members of the nobility. It was an accident, a byplay of Fate, that she never knew their names, just as she was ignorant of the fact the third of her four husbands was the man her mother had refused to marry before her birth, which was a direct consequence of this circumstance. There was nothing dainty about Amber. She was tough-fibered, coarse-grained, acquisitive, fully aware of the power her beauty gave her over men. If she had never met Bruce, Lord Carlton, who first introduced her to London, her destiny must have followed parallel lines. She was destined to be a mistress, and because she was intelligent she became a King's mistress, which meant that she attained the peak of her profession. If she had none of the essential kindliness of Nell Gwynne or the self-control of Frances Stewart, she could match her wits and her tongue with such a virago as Barbara Palmer, Lady Castlemaine. Yet she was a good mother according to her lights, and despite her innumerable lovers never lost her love for Bruce Carlton.

It is a tribute to Miss Winsor that she makes both Amber and Bruce coherent and understandable to the end of her long novel, which closes with Amber taking ship for Virginia, intent upon winning her first lover back from the gentle wife he adores but has never been able to be faithful to. For Bruce was as much a product of the unnatural hothouse life of their generation as was Amber. He might not have endorsed her declaration: "Honor! What the devil is honor? A bogeyman to scare children! That's all it's good for these days." But his conduct would no more have withstood examination than hers. He was more fortunate in his birth, that was the only difference between them. And Amber was really the stronger spirit. She dragged herself up from the London gutters, through the fetid atmosphere of the Fleet, the dens of Alsatia, companionship with Black Jack Mallard, the highwayman, and Mother Red Cap, up to the intrigues and debauchery of Whitehall. And always she was Amber, fighting for her own hand and the children she had borne to Bruce and the King, loyal to her servants, virulent to all who stopped her path. She was no more afraid of

Kathleen Winsor

Buckingham and Arlington and their minions than she was of Lady Castlemaine, and when she pitted herself against them she took their money. But in the end it was Arlington's treachery which sent her flying from the Court and control of the King's ear. Her love for Bruce betrayed her to him.

This novel is as raw and foul-tongued as the years from which it stems. It will offend many people. But it seethes with life. Its action never flags. And you will almost certainly have an opportunity to see it, drastically disinfected, on the screen.

Hills Under Heaven

ALBUM OF DESTINY. By Jesse Stuart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 255 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

BEFORE Jesse Stuart went into the service he had collected another book of his poems of the general type found in "Man With a Bull-Tongue Plow" of ten years ago. In that ten years Stuart, now thirty-seven, has given us short stories, autobiography, and novels. I am a great admirer of one of the latter, his "Trees of Heaven."

Opening the book at random you are likely to take it for a book of sonnets or sonnet sequences. You'll be very wrong. Stuart starts with octaves but many of the longer poems are quite as likely to be "sixteens" as sonnets. Anyway, it would be useless to judge one whom an eminent American poet has called "a modern American Robert Burns" by meticulous sonnet rules. Jesse Stuart's afflatus would be sure to overflow any mold you tried to pour him in.

Here are his same people of the Kentucky hills and their intertangled stories, the same repetitive and rumorous style, the same facility and occasional astonishing phrase that one found in "Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow." I cannot honestly say that I find this book an advance on the former, even after ten years. I do not. I find it a prolongation. But I am, nevertheless, glad that we continue to have, from an unpolluted spring of song, such native felicities as

In spring the creak of wagons will be slow
  Over the Plum Grove hills in early April;
His hip-scarred mules will stretch and puff and blow
  Against the trace chains up the rutted hill.
The flesh and blood of him has not forsaken
  The land for centuries his blood has tilled;
The resurrected blood of him has taken
  New hopes for bigger, better mountain yield. . . .

That is the essence of Jesse Stuart—"the winegreen April life" and the mountain shoat, love where "the buzzards watch the scrawny cattle creep"—the beauty, wildness, and earthy nature of his hills. He is their singing man.

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American Lower Depths

TRAGIC GROUND. By Erskine Caldwell. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce Co. 1944. 237 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IT seems to me that it is time for some decision as to whether Erskine Caldwell is a writer concerned with the socially significant in the lower depths of American life or whether he has found modern pay dirt in comedy at the expense of the half-wit and the deformed, which so delighted audiences long ago.

This new "Tragic Ground" is certainly ground that could be tragic but it comes out in straight Caldwellian fashion as a farce about hunger, about homesickness, about nakedness, and juvenile delinquency. Indeed, if anything distinguishes this book from "Tobacco Road," it is that the town lights are brighter even when seen from the trash dump and the little girls, who thoroughly enjoy juvenile delinquency, are prettier. There is not a harelip among them and somehow the deformed social situation which makes them prostitutes at twelve and fourteen seems more amusing than heartbreaking.

In this book Mr. Caldwell makes a part of his comedy from the obvious ludicrousness of some social workers facing tragedy either with big, misunderstood words out of the books or the flat-footed distaste of a cop. While there are passages which should be deeply moving about some of Spence Douthit's neighbors in the shanty settlement of stranded war workers, the relationship of Spence with his next-door neighbor, the marihuana salesman, seems to derive from the literary tradition of Happy Hooligan and the Katzenjammer Kids.

Altogether, "Tragic Ground" is a very strange book. Essentially Mr. Caldwell is writing about a depressing home possibility, glossed over in much of our talk about a decent peace, in his description of peoples left behind by the closing of the war plant. The Beasley County from which they were lured by labor recruiters with promises of liquor to the men and cheap frilly underwear to the women may still hold some hope for Spence. Basically, however, he is not so much homesick as caught in his poverty and secretly well pleased with town opportunities for adult delinquency in the settlement of the stranded.

There could be a significant warning here about people no longer needed in a possibly productive America. There is fearful tragedy in American families only serving to breed pretty little girls for cheap mass service whore houses. Maybe it is this warning in tragedy that Mr. Caldwell wants to make to intelligent and literate America. Maybe we, as a people, can be made to guffaw our way out of complacency. It seems doubtful, however, that the audiences which year after year filled the seats at the dramatization of "Tobacco Road" were so much moved as amused. It is doubtful whether "Tragic Ground" will stir thoughtful readers as much as it pleases those who love a loud and bawdy tale.

As entertainment there can be no question of the merit of "Tragic Ground" for those who like strong humor, or raw sex. Mr. Caldwell has written his tragic farce with much of his great skill. There is credible realism in his little snickering prostitutes. Old Spence, drunk or sober, seems an entirely possible and rather appealing American gutter-dweller. His wife, who spends her life in sick nakedness between debauches on patent medicines, seems a little less real but often even more noisy. The social workers, the family that moved in to contest with the Douthits for their ramshackle house, the young pimp who gets murdered and the father who murdered him, all seem very real figures suffering for our amusement. The American lower depths are very funny, indeed. In "Tobacco Road" they amused more people than even "Abie's Irish Rose" did. "Tragic Ground" emphasizes the faith that there are still customers who like to laugh at the deformed.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FIVE BULLETS *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Student shooting in Florida college town solved by visiting sleuth Peter Clancy.	Wiggar, Clancy's gentleman's gentleman, helps debonair detective solve double-barrelled puzzle in effective, if loquacious, fashion.	Agreeable
SLEEP NO MORE *Editor—August Derleth* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.50)	Around and in and out of this world with a variety of ghoulies and ghosties.	A few good old standbys—like M. R. James and M. P. Shiel—and a mixed lot of moderately shocking newcomers.	Good bed-side collection
CRIME ON MY HANDS *George Sanders* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Murder invades movie company on location for super-colossal pioneer picture. George Sanders himself does the expert sleuthing.	Four parts burlesque, four parts excitement, two parts plot, adding up to ten-strike—for not too serious-minded addicts.	Fast and funny
DEATH AT THE DEPOT *D. G. Hastings* (Harper & Bros.: $2.)	Secretary to mysterious newcomer in gabby Vermont village shot at r.r. station. Spinster and young scientist among investigators.	Good character studies of inquisitive villagers and reasonably well developed plot with espionage trimmings.	Enjoyable
DEATH COMES AS THE END *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Sundry fatalities in Egypt 3000 or more years ago are solved by wealthy land-owner's "man of business."	Tough sledding at first but better after the boss brings home his new concubine and someone slays her.	For the Loyal Christie Legion
THE DARK STREET *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Spy and counter-spy at deadly work, first in Paris, then in England with Peter Quayle pulling the strings.	Another cold-blood, spine-chilling, ruthless, and devious yarn in the same key as "The Stars Are Dark"—and slightly better.	Tops—for thrill-seekers
MURDER AND THE MARRIED VIRGIN *Brett Halliday* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Gas kills maid in Louisiana mansion as valuable jewels vanish. Mike Shayne solves both theft and murder.	Shayne, who likes likker and lovely ladies, gets into usual number of jams before he unravels a cleverly planned double slaying.	Hard-boiled and mystifying
IF THIS BE TREASON *Margaret Echard* (Crime Club: $2.)	Jittery young widow of Italian singer swallowed up by War gets into murderous trouble in California. F.B.I. saves her.	Plenty of excitement, numerous tough characters including ubiquitous gent wearing black patch, three-four killings, and surprise finish.	Feverish

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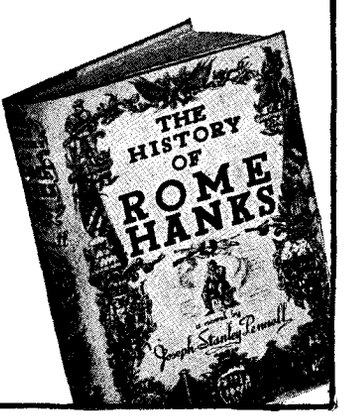

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Germany Rides Again

PHANTOM VICTORY. The Fourth Reich: 1945-1960. By Erwin Lessner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1944. 227 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

IT is the Year of our Lord 1945. As the Allied armies are about to march into the Reich, German General Headquarters move to Wilhelmshoehe in central Germany. Shortly afterwards not a single Nazi uniform is to be seen in the streets. A few weeks later the generals meet for their last conference and the Chief of the General Staff outlines the "Plan West." The Wehrmacht is to be led home—in civilian clothes—in groups intermixed with the foreign workers who serve as protective cover. The Luftwaffe is to be destroyed, the Navy has been ordered to sail for Swedish ports. Defeat will never be admitted. The German people will answer the Allied demand for "Unconditional Surrender" with civil disobedience, following the example of the Finnish general strike of the year 1905. Peace cannot be signed because the Allies will not find anybody who is authorized to surrender.

Thus opens the unusual and fantastic story of Erwin Lessner's book "Phantom Victory." It tells of the inability of Allied leaders to cope with this diabolic German plan, for Great Britain and the United States are trying to end German passive resistance "in accordance with their own conception of international law." Finally they have to negotiate with "The Potsdam Bund," a fraternal organization of former officers—apparently all Nazi leaders and war criminals have disappeared. And since the war against Japan is demanding all Allied energies the appearance of a new German leader, Friedolin, a "simple shepherd from the hills," is hardly noticed. Friedolin has come to lead the German nation to "salvation through penitence" for their past mistakes.

Erwin Lessner

The rest of the visionary story tells of Germany's gradual rise to power in the span of fifteen years. While some British and American appeasers, like Rose Flag, the "Woman of the Century," the outstanding radio commentator and columnist, are still pleading for the "good Germans," Friedolin's followers are using the same cunning methods employed by their predecessors. By 1948 the Reich has once again united all Germans in Europe and has regained all former colonies.

Finally, in 1960, Germany has formed the Eurafriastic Economic Union, combining Europe, Africa, and parts of Asia into one economic bloc, and after forcing Cuba and Mexico into this Union the German armies invade the United States. The story comes to an end when Friedolin, on board a German battle-cruiser in New York harbor announces: "Now let us land—in this city which from today shall be named Greater Yorkville."

If this were only a deliberate satire on appeasement ideas and on advocates of a "soft peace with Germany, it would be one of the most audacious books written in our day and one of the wittiest. It delivers brilliant and successful blows. But as a reminder that "You cannot do business with Hitler"—"Phantom Victory" is grim and terrifying. It deserves serious attention as long as discussions are going on in this country whether we are to have a "hard" or a "soft" peace, as long as some of us seem to be more concerned about the way the Germans will react to Allied peace terms than about the necessity of preventing another world war at any cost. Satire is often a better weapon than reason. In "Phantom Victory" this weapon is used with craftsmanship.

Marine War Correspondent

COMBAT CORRESPONDENT. By Jim Lucas. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1944. 210 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

LIEUTENANT LUCAS was courthouse reporter for the *Tulsa Tribune* in July, 1942, when he heard that the Marine Corps was enlisting reporters of at least five years' standing to serve in the ranks as combat correspondents. After some difficulties, due to sight, he was accepted, went through "Boot Camp" at Parris Island like any other rookie, and was sent to New Zealand. His book is the straightforward, workmanlike report of his adventures told in terse, rather pedestrian journalese. It hasn't the emotional feeling of Pyle's or Wolfert's stuff, and it also lacks the uncanny knack of catching the overtones of combat which has distinguished the reporting of these and other men; but it is factual, honest, and concise. Perhaps one handicap to its appeal is the author's inability to get away from the habit, drilled into him by his newspaper superiors, of looking at his adventures primarily from the viewpoint of Tulsa or his hometown of Muskogee. This makes for a certain naiveté which occasionally is amusing, yet never detracts from the simple drama of what he has to tell. No reader will miss a word of his description of the fighting on the Tarawa beaches or in the jungles of New Georgia where he killed his first—and up to the time of writing—his only Jap. I should like to quote his report of this incident as a model of modesty and good taste:

> I was on the left when a Jap broke from the bush and attempted to get back into the jungle. I fired instinctively, and he fell. Later, when one of our men found a picture on his body—of the young Jap and his mother—I felt sick all over. She was a sweet-faced old woman, and I have never thought of Japs as human beings with sweet-faced mothers. It was my first kill, and I didn't get over it for days.

Brigadier General L. D. Hermle, U. S. M. C., Lieutenant Lucas's superior to Tarawa, contributes a foreword, which pays a deserved tribute to Lucas and the other correspondents with the forward waves. I should imagine that the families of all the men concerned in the several actions and voyages, afloat and in the air, which Lucas experienced, would be deeply interested in what he has to say. He reminds me that this is the best-reported war in our history.

New Historical Collection

The Smithsonian Institution has announced the acquisition of a new historical collection of bronze statues of fifty notable American public men of wartime made during this year by Max Kalish.

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Background of Invasion

INVASION JOURNAL. By Richard L. Tobin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc. 1944. 223 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

MR. TOBIN's journal is concerned with the background of invasion rather than with the invasion itself. His diary from April to August of this year for the most part records the impressions and views of the war as seen from London. The G.I.'s in the crowded hold of a transport and in the British Isles, England and the English, London and the Londoners, are described by a capable and compassionate observer. Although he visited the front in Normandy for only a brief period, he noted the metamorphosis of the garrulous American soldier in England into the serious, silent fighting man in France. He enjoyed the unique opportunity of sailing aboard H.M.S. *Ramillies* and *Rodney* in action against German coast defenses that were overwhelmed by the effective fire of these battleships.

Mr. Tobin dedicates his book to the people of London, "heroic, unruffled civilians," who had the courage some years ago to withstand the blitz bombing and more recently to face the new flying bombs with resignation, if not with equanimity. In his many pages on the robots, the author reaches a peak in good reporting. His remarkable descriptions of the terrifying noise and devastating effect of these bombs on the London area give point to the story of the British soldier left behind in London who labeled with the epithet "coward" his comrade who had himself transferred to the front. After being close enough to these man-made meteorites to be knocked off his feet and to suffer aching lungs and ears, Mr. Tobin writes feelingly and vividly of their development, present use, and future menace.

The robot was the weapon of Hitler's personal hatred of England. Mr. Tobin reports that Hitler manufactured flying bombs instead of keeping up the strength of the Luftwaffe—he couldn't do both—and the attempted assassination was the answer of the German military leaders who resented his intuitive and emotional interference in the conduct of the war. He fails to reveal the source of this report, but it is an interesting hypothesis. It is certainly true that "the Luftwaffe in strength could have made an invasion enormously costly." At all events he is farsighted when he prophesies that "a large nation can dictate almost any political move it wishes, under threat of demolition of a smaller neighbor whose rocketfiring facilities are not comparable, or whose geography is vulnerable." Furthermore, he clearly sees the immediate trend in the types of weapons, and in words worth quoting and remembering he writes, "The robot is a culmination of a tremendous development in the direction of self-propelled missiles as opposed to things shot out of a gun or moved to their target by human hands. The rocket airplane, greatly in use in Normandy, is a corollary step. The self-propelled rocket cannon is another. But above them all rises the eerie potentiality of the 10-ton (or the 100-ton, or the 1,000-ton) stratosphere rocket shells, capable of being fired 100 miles or 200 miles, or from Berlin to Chicago in some dark day ahead."

In mid-July Mr. Tobin was highly critical of the apparent slowness of the allied advance in France. Like many civilian strategists, he overlooked the logistical problems of a major move and referred unfavorably to the delays in breaking through the German lines. He has since had ample reason to modify these opinions on our so-called inhibitions in undertaking an offensive. But will civilians ever appreciate the magnitude of the supply problem in modern war, and its effect on strategy?

Mr. Tobin's journal is not only excellent reading to supplement the exclusively military accounts of the invasion of France. He also sees clearly the importance in this war of the flying bomb and rocket, and insists on the growing significance of these weapons in future international relations. For this reason his book merits wide circulation among a people who forget readily the peril from a congenitally aggressor nation and from the self-propelled long-range projectiles that this nation has developed and is reported ready to use.

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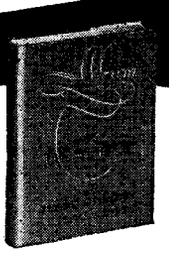

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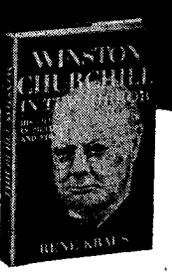

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The Greatness of Winslow Homer

WINSLOW HOMER. By Lloyd Goodrich. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 226 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by HORACE H. F. JAYNE

IN the course of reading this full-length study of Winslow Homer many adjectives come to the surface to use in characterizing its unquestionable quality. Yet no single adjective will quite serve. I should like to compromise, make what is inevitably an understatement, and call it simply a biography of an artist completely well done. As Research Curator of the Whitney Museum of American Art, Lloyd Goodrich was the ideal person for this job.

To many readers (and all lovers of American art of this and past generations) Mr. Goodrich's approach and his accurate handling of biographical material are well known. His book on Eakins—Homer's contemporary and peer—stands high in the list of full-bodied critical essays. In the foreword to the Eakins book he virtually promised us the present work on Homer by pairing the two together in the preëminent position of America's outstanding original artists of the past century. One was inclined to feel that in pushing the Eakins book to completion, Mr. Goodrich was holding out to himself the more pleasurable task of giving fuller scope to his abilities in the proposed Homer volume. Thus while Eakins was meticulously and by no means unsympathetically treated, I did not feel that the author wholly approved of his subject. But with Homer the study has almost the quality of a friend writing about a friend, so deeply is the author steeped in all that Homer did and aspired to do. Could it be that there is here in common a thoroughly New England attitude of mind? For though born in Nutley, New Jersey, I venture to say that Mr. Goodrich's forebears were more Yankee than Philadelphian, and Eakins was essentially a product of the City of Brotherly Love (which, characteristically, failed to extend to him during his lifetime even the tiniest gesture of fraternal affection).

A chief quality of Homer's greatness was his fundamental urge never to get into a rut. It would seem almost to have been a fetish with him, and, perhaps as an undefined impulse, did more than anything else to diminish his financial success and periodically exasperate his critics: he would thoroughly establish himself as a water colorist, par excellence, of the West Indian scene, then next season show nothing but his sketches and oils of the Canadian woods or, again, the sea and rocks of the neighborhood of Prout's Neck. The versatility and the *wish* to express this versatility are among Homer's great patents of nobility among American painters. If, as Goodrich says convincingly, he "founded a School of American marine painting," he must also be credited with creating a new appreciation of the beauties of the West Indies and the North Woods.

Not the least interesting of Mr. Goodrich's paragraphs are those interlarding many of the chapters, that deal with Homer's finances and his relations with his dealers. These are not only informative as to Homer's own monetary return from his profession, but also form an extraordinarily revealing picture of the art market from the late eighties through the first decades of this century. An account which benefits much from the restrained humor of Mr. Goodrich's comments and winds up on an unusually happy note: "At his death all but one of the finished oils painted since he settled in Prout's Neck had been disposed of—a record which could probably be equalled by no other American of his time. One contrasts this with the houseful of paintings that Eakins left behind."

In speaking of Homer's versatility we have indicated to a certain extent also his originality. I cannot forbear, however, to quote one of Mr. Goodrich's paragraphs which serves to sum this up so well:

> One could say of him what Cézanne said of Monet: "He is an eye—but what an eye!" His originality sprang from his fresh vision, unadulterated by reminiscences of other men's styles. He was an eye more than an artistic intelligence. He was never remarkable for taste or sophistication. His philosophy from first to last was simple naturalism—to paint nature "exactly as it appears"—and he never showed any clear conception of the distinction between naturalism and art.

Whether his earliest training as an illustrator and his slightly later Civil War experiences as a reportorial artist gave him this bent or whether it was innate in him will probably never be determined, but till the very last canvas, *Driftwood,* what was "going on" in the painting interested him quite as much as the pure effect of light and shade and color.

One cannot fail to appreciate the immense amount of detailed research that lies behind the production of this volume. Even as Homer hated to be photographed he hated to have recorded the type of biographical data most useful to those who were to follow. His tempered acerbity in replying to his first biographer, William Howe Downes, when he asked for material, was characteristic:

> It may seem ungrateful . . . that I should not agree with you in regard to that proposed sketch of my life. But I think it would probably kill me to have such a thing appear, and as the most interesting part of my life is of no concern to the public, I must decline to give you any particulars in regard to it.

Yet Mr. Goodrich has ferreted out much that is new and even what is apparently not new he weaves into his story and gives it originality.

A chapter titled "Recollections of an Intimate Friendship," by John W. Beatty, follows Mr. Goodrich's text. Perhaps it was impractical to do so, but the present reviewer could not but feel that had these recollections been quoted if, and as, apropos, in the main body of the book, a more useful purpose would have been served. It was on the tip of my tongue to say that Mr. Beatty's pages could have been omitted altogether, but possibly this would be going too far. In any event, Mr. Goodrich's own text gives as complete and sympathetic a study of Winslow Homer as anyone could ask for.

Summer Fog

By Holger Lundbergh

DOWN where the ocean was there is only the murmur,
No green rollers, no plunging terns, no sails.
The dunes are rubbed out, too, and the Coast Guard station,
Erased by the cool wet cloth the sea fog trails.
Wisps, first; fluff only, horizontally racing
Over the dry sand and the wild sweet pea,
Later in torn vast sheets of gauze flying
With speed and purpose from the inevitable sea.
Now all is hidden. Suddenly the lighthouse fog horn
Lifts its warning voice, authoritative and full.
The birds are hushed. The honeysuckle, unseen,
Floats its fragrance through a world of milk and wool.

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Tragic but Heroic Poet

ERNEST DOWSON. By Mark Longaker. Philadelphia: The University of Pennsylvania Press. 1944. 272 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS straightforward study of an equivocal and ambivalent genius is in many respects a fine performance. To penetrate all the dim regions of so mysterious a personality, even if it were desirable, is perhaps impossible. And with some of Mr. Longaker's judgments we are not compelled to agree, not because we are a higher court but merely because we have our share of human cussedness. Nevertheless, his over-all estimate of the situation is as full of good sense as anything the reader is apt to encounter with respect to Ernest Dowson. What thoroughness can do, to use the cant of the craft, Mr. Longaker has done. He appears to have got at every scrap of information that was getable. And he doesn't jog the balance when he weighs unclear or contradictory pieces of evidence. The biographer whose work supersedes this book will have to be laborious and intelligent indeed and will certainly be under obligations to his predecessor's industry.

In the history of literature few figures have been more unfortunate than Ernest Dowson. Leopardi and Anthero de Quintal suggest themselves as competitors. Tasso is out of the running. Keats's and Chatterton's lives make blithe reading by comparison. In fact Dowson's history is emphatically one which the reviewer would infinitely prefer not to have read when coming down, as befell him, with an attack of influenza. There was nothing that was not against Dowson from the start. It was as if the universe could say nothing but no to him. Both his parents were tuberculous. And his father probably and his mother certainly committed suicide. His boyhood was spent under the shadow of waning fortune. His half-hearted try at Oxford was the sort of thing that leaves a sense of failure. And he dropped out of that microcosm into a doomed business for which he had neither taste nor ability. His talents and charm enabled him to escape into the literary world of London and Paris in the heyday of the Green Carnation, the time of the fall of Oscar Wilde and the rise of André Gide, the golden age of what some beast has called "absintheeism." Though he had some decent, simple, and able friends, it is hardly too much to say that a certain man went down from Oxford and fell among thugs. And not even topflight Samaritans are able to treat the sort of wounds from which he early suffered. In this, as an expert has observed, the patient must minister to himself—if he can make it. Dowson could not. Never was a greater lyric talent snuffed out so fast. He had a few golden moments in the few dusty years that were allowed him. He had his strange love affair with a girl of twelve, the daughter of a Polish restaurateur to whom he was faithful in his fashion till she was eighteen. At that point, naturally, she married the head waiter, as less bewildering than a poet who worshipped innocence but otherwise seemed unfamiliar with that abstraction. He must have derived some shadowy pleasure from his diffident communion with the ruined archangels Wilde and Verlaine. He may even have got some out of his hack work for the egregious Leonard Smithers, the 19th Century Curle (though, to make the old joke, it would be better to say that Curle was the 18th Century Smithers). To his credit, Smithers was kind to him. And so vainly were many others, among them Victor Plarr, Edgar Jepson, and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. Nothing was to the purpose. From affection, from friendship, a portion from charity, as apparently from his own poetry, he took refuge in absinthe.

It is nearly forty years since the reviewer stumbled on Dowson's poems, against which, it seemed to him, no anodyne was required. Even to the incomprehension proper to youth and inexperience, they were clearly wonderfully moving and melodious. An almost girlish shyness was speaking in "sweet articulate words." He may have owed something to Swinburne and to Baudelaire (Dowson understood the latter as well as Swinburne himself), but the rhythm was as individual as the spectrum of a new star, the feeling was gentle and intense, and one recognized "that delicacy which is the opposite of weakness." The healthy-minded might snort about young men steeped in melancholy. But what is a young man to do who has encountered nothing but sadness? There is no vamped-up or factitious sorrow in Ernest Dowson. He is no bastard of the "House of Hangover" any more than Leopardi was. He was simply a young man of incredible gifts, whose birthright it was to be deprived of whatever men desire.

He will remain one of the reasonably attractive figures of a pretty awful epoch. He was gentle, he was kind, he was unaffected. He had none of the vulgar splurge of Oscar Wilde or the ghastly self-pity of "Pauvre Lélian." He wrote about genuine sorrows intrinsic in his nature and his experience. But he does not seem to have got sorry for himself as a dethroned Lord of Language or to have exploded into penitential purple passages in order to prove the point. The fact seems to be that he never was dethroned and isn't going to be.

Mr. Longaker's portrait isn't as brilliant as the vivid drawings of Rothenstein and Conder, but it has perspective and detail, and it rouses sympathy for a personality who was better than the "dead-end of decadence" into which he was thrown, than the circumstances that overcame him, or than his own weakness that assisted that overcoming. Sometimes when we see a picture of some person unknown we have an inner conviction that it must be a good likeness. Mr. Longaker's book, as far as the reviewer is concerned, succeeds in producting this conviction.

Prelude I

By Jamie Sexton Holme

WHEN first we met, our souls stood up,
Our garments fell away;
We quite forgot to drink or sup,
We had so much to say.
But no one seemed to be aware
That I had risen from my chair,
And no one saw you bold and bare,
Yet naked at the feast we stood,
And all was beautiful and good.

When we came back through fiery mist,
I touched my gown at throat and wrist,
Surprised to find it still was there,
But none had seen us come and go,
And where we went I do not know,
Or if we walked on dew or snow,
Or if we smelled of flowers or flame—
But nothing since has been the same!

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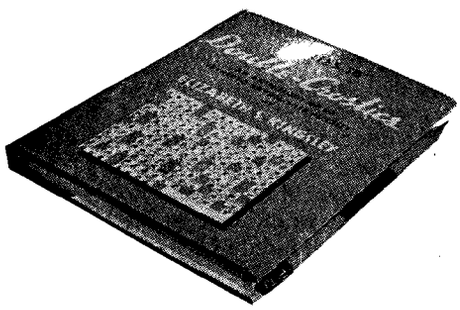

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The G. I. Institution

THE SAD SACK. By Sgt. George Baker. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1944. $2.

Reviewed by S. J. WOOLF

WE were held up at St. Lo. The expected break-through was delayed and the boys who had been sleeping in rain-soaked pup tents were pretty glum. A bunch of them were congregated in a cider saloon on one of the roads which lead eastward from Cherbourg to Paris. The talk was the usual kind of grousing heard whenever men in uniform gather, punctuated incessantly by a four-letter word which little boys write on fences.

There was an air of depression about the room which neither the cider nor the pretty girl who served it could dispel. Then a motorcycle stopped before the place and its rider entered. Under his arm he had a copy of *Yank*. Almost every man made a dive for the paper and a chorus shouted "Let's see what's happening to The Sad Sack." Soon chuckles took the place of grunts.

Many efforts are being made to keep up the morale of our Army. USO shows travel about bringing entertainment to our fighting men. Red Cross workers distribute doughnuts and cheer to them, while earnest chaplains look after their spiritual welfare. Yet to my mind nothing has done more to lighten the load of our lonely, homesick youngsters than *Yank's* weekly comic strip.

The Sad Sack has become an Army institution. He stands for the temporary ups and the permanent downs of the little fellow in uniform. Ernie Pyle changed war reporting when he removed the glare from brass hats and focussed the spotlight on plain Bill Jones and Tom Smith. Sergeant George Baker has recorded in line the sad mishaps of an ugly, pathetic, but lovable, small G. I. Joe.

The reason for The Sad Sack's popularity is easy to understand. The big-nosed, sagging, hapless, diminutive chap who, no matter what he does, gets the short end of the stick, undergoes what every G. I. Joe undergoes in some form or other. If similar mishaps have not happened to Bill Jones or Tom Smith, they might. Instead of a stripe on the arm he gets a kick in the pants. If he pulls up his jeep at a stop sign to read a long notice on it he is fined for obstructing the road. If he does not stop he is fined anyway.

When he blows in all his pay on a dame full of promise he is repaid by a kiss on the cheek as she leaves him for the night at her front door. K P is forever pursuing him, M P's are always at his heels. He is the butt of the top-kick, the garbage can for the mess sergeant, and the easy mark for his buddies.

He stands for the disappointments, the futility, and the despair of the victims of red tape. But it is not only the stripeless underdog who is enmeshed in its coils. For this reason The Sad Sack is as popular among officers, from shavetails to three starrers, as among the new recruits.

During the last war Bairnsfather's Old Bill crawled out of The Better 'Ole and brought a little gaiety into Flanders Field. Now Baker's Sad Sack raises a laugh in the midst of "blood and sweat and tears."

S. J. Woolf has recently returned from a trip to the front in France as artist for the N.E.A. newspaper syndicate.

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In *Eulogy of Judges* Calamandrei expatiates with quiet wit upon the legal profession, exposing the foibles of lawyer, judge, and client, but never losing sight of the part each plays in the processes of justice. The flavor of the book can be gained by a glance at the chapter titles — for instance, "On faith in judges, the prime requisite of a lawyer," or "On a certain immobility of judges on the bench."

Many of his remarks have a wry humor and his legal anecdotes are told with tongue in cheek. But his mature wisdom and obvious devotion to "the fulfillment of the state's highest and most jealously guarded function" make one feel that something of the greatness of ancient Roman law must still be preserved among some modern Florentines, despite the Fascists' ascendancy.

Eulogy OF Judges

By PIERO CALAMANDREI

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PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS PRESS
Princeton, N. J.

Pioneering in Alaska to Stay

WE LIVE IN ALASKA. By Constance Helmericks. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 266 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

ALASKA having become a front page topic for several years, it is inevitable that a growing demand for information concerning this vast and relatively little known Territory should find its way between covers. Of the half dozen books of this new crop, none exceeds this by Constance Helmericks in authenticity and, to this reviewer, in interest. The reason for this is relatively simple. The author and her husband, a young couple of twenty-three years, are principals in the story she tells. Hers is a living narrative of adventure and varied experience in Alaska as it is today. It is the first story of a newlywed couple materializing that widespread current urge to come to Alaska to live.

They came in the midst of the confusion and hectic effort that characterized Alaska in the months preceding "Pearl Harbor," when our defense program for the Territory was in full swing. They experienced the difficulties of that period. But their real story is of a memorable canoe trip from Fairbanks to Bethel. The air distance is five hundred miles, but as they traveled, along the winding Chena Slough, Tanana, Yukon, and Kuskokwim Rivers, it must have been well over twice that distance. They are probably the first to have made this trip by canoe; leaving later in the summer than they anticipated, they barely escaped the freeze-up on the Kuskokwim, concluding their arduous journey amid ice cakes. In considerable degree they lived off the land, a necessity made possible by Budu's skill as a hunter. Without the ducks and geese, moose and fish which a bountiful countryside provides for those with the skill to take them, the voyagers would have fared badly.

While inevitably this fine adventure deals with only a small part of Alaska, it covers an extremely important region—its two great rivers—and all the way touches life that is unique, peculiar to the localities, and lacked, hitherto, sympathetic and vivid recording. Although the rivers have for half a century been travelled by steamboats, the Helmericks' method of travel was a piece of pioneering in a Territory that cherishes that word. In a very real and special sense, the Helmericks appear to belong to a new breed of pioneers—those who want to come to Alaska, make their homes there, stay there.

The pioneers who came to Alaska a couple of generations ago came to get gold and take it and themselves "outside." Alaska needs the new type of pioneers who will find their treasure here in the greater freedom, the wider spaciousness, the larger abundance, the more glorious setting, and the better opportunity for the individual to count in proportion to his ability, self-reliance, and initiative, than are to be found in any other part of our America. Alaska needs settlers also, who, like the countless migrants to older parts of the United States, have been eager to plow back into the land some portion of the benefits which they enjoyed. The Helmericks have made a good start; their well written record (whose few factual errors are unimportant) is in itself a valuable contribution to the Territory which they purpose to call home.

Now You Are Still

By Carlos Bulosan

NOW you are still, still as stone,
And cold, cold as frozen water.
But the ponderous boy who waited after
The fire died down, is free from disaster;
And now he waits and lives alone.

And he seeks alone. But sometimes he
Stops to remember the magnificent beat
Of your vision when transcending defeat,
Climbing the hills you had climbed, the trees
You had planted under fire. His feet
Attempt no retreat, being after
You, yes, being a child of laughter.

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Epic Gunboat

BY VALOUR AND ARMS. By James Street. New York: The Dial Press. 1944. 538 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by N. L. NORTH

MR. STREET, who has boxed off the Old South as his historical preserve, returns now to cultivate another acre of it. This time we are present at one of the most fantastic episodes in the Civil War, the building of the iron-clad cruiser *Arkansas* in the midst of the Mississippi wilderness, its dramatic run along the tributary Yazoo to Vicksburg, and its single-handed attacks upon the Union Navy.

For the student of the military history of the Civil War Mr. Street offers considerable scholarship and a brace of interesting appended notes. The political aspects of the war are something else again. There is more than a suggestion that the South's bid for secession was parallel in philosophic justification to the original American Revolution, and that its attitude to slavery remains misunderstood—that it had meant to free the Negro but just wouldn't be told when. There are other accounts to offer on both these matters, but "By Valour and Arms" was not written primarily as a political argument.

The *Arkansas* is the chief source of drama, with the three men who manned its biggest gun: Wyeth Woodward, a gunner's mate who has a tender and war-torn romance with Laurel McKenzie; Simeon Granville, a British soldier of fortune who fights with the Confederate Army, and Ves Gillivray, a Cajan who performs mighty feats of arms. Their struggle in Union-occupied Natchez to get the smuggled iron up the river for the building of the *Arkansas,* their part in its daring run, the culminating history of the taking of Vicksburg, make up the major part of the story. It alternates between the romantic affairs of these protagonists and more impersonal data on one of the critical moments in the struggle of the Confederacy, with enough of change and interplay to maintain interest.

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Classifier of Human Activity

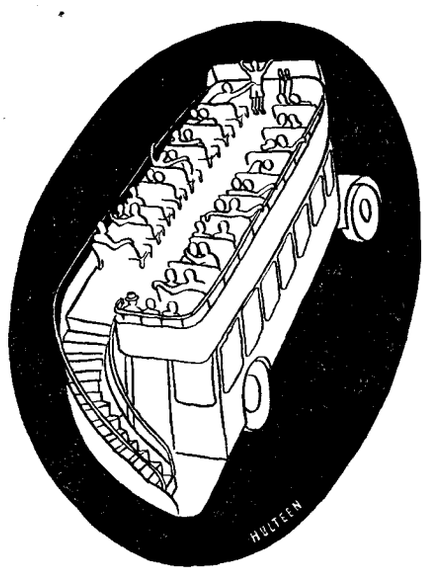
PATRICK GEDDES. MAKER OF THE FUTURE. By Philip Boardman. Chapel Hill, N. C.: The University of North Carolina Press. 1944. 594 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

ONLY a few sociologists are familiar with the name and the work of Patrick Geddes. A biologist by training, specifically a botanist, a temporary loss of sight in his youth turned his thoughts to the mapping and classification of humanity's cultures and social activities. First a disciple of Auguste Comte and later of the French mining engineer, Frederic Le Play who had turned sociologist and invented the field study, Geddes brought order into the hierarchy of sciences postulated by the one and bodily took over and applied the other's classification of all human activity into Place, Work, Folk.

To Geddes there could be no true science of sociology unless it included all the sciences. He saw that change within science always means social change and was the first to insist on the interaction. He wanted facts and proceeded to get them, just as Le Play did. That is, he compiled statistics and showed what they meant. He was the first to make social surveys of the kind that are now familiar, the first to use such terms as "man-hours" and "man-power." His "Outlook Tower" in Edinburgh was the first sociological laboratory. The regional survey originated with him. He was sociology's first and greatest synthetist. No armchair philosopher, he studied slums and cleaned them up, he belabored universities for their medieval ways, he built coöperative apartment houses, he founded student hostels, he designed universities, he stirred city planners with daring proposals that have borne fruit, he tried in his declining years to mobilize "the militant energies of the race" for peace and social progress. With him sociology begins as a science.

In this country Lewis Mumford has done his best to keep the memory of Geddes green and to inculcate his principles. A few biographical sketches have been written. Mr. Boardman has therefore undertaken the not wholly grateful task of tracing in detail the life of a man who was teeming with thoughts on everything from history to seashells, from coal-mining to Greek slavery—not wholly grateful because Geddes wrote no long, sustained work on sociology and left his papers in a disorder which is enough to make a biographer throw up his hands in despair. Geddes lives in these pages. He mumbles in his beard, he berates economists of his Victorian day for ignoring technologic influences in social affairs, he plans world affairs, he scurries over the earth from France to Palestine, from India to America, he struts in the garden that surrounded his Scots College at Montpéllier, France. How true the conversations are to life only those who sat at the feet of Geddes can say, but to this reviewer, one of them, they are plausible. At any rate Mr. Boardman has written an outstanding biography of a dynamic but obscure personality whose constructive work in sociology is not generally recognized. It is about time that justice is done to the insurgent, synthesizing Geddes, the most distinguished Scotsman of his time, and Mr. Boardman has seen to it that justice is done in a volume which is both a life history and somewhat of a critique.



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The Iron Way

TRAINS, TRACKS AND TRAVEL. By T. W. Van Metre. New York: Simmons-Boardman Publishing Corporation. 1944. 414 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROGER BURLINGAME

WHEN I was eleven a big black book lay hidden under my bed at night and in the long hour between waking and breakfast I lay with the pillow under my chest and let the wonderful pictured story burn into my soul and ruin my eyes. I think the book was called "The American Railway"; it was an adult book but the dramatic drawings of trains, locomotives, yards, switches, signals, and trainmen cleared what obscurity I found in the text. Whether it was reading this book, or my hours on railroad bridges, or the fascination of country "depots" which conditioned me, my passion for the iron way has never cooled and it is perhaps unfair even now to ask me to give a balanced appraisal of a train book.

In those days the passion was universal among boys. Now, with so many living far from the tracks, with many who, at least until the gas shortage, had never travelled by train and, especially, with planes, speed boats, tanks, radio, and movies crowding the young mind, I doubt if it persists as intensely. The continued popularity of T. W. Van Metre's "Trains, Tracks and Travel" through five editions and nearly twenty years seems to refute this. Perhaps, though the book was intended for the young, a lot of sales are accounted for by aging nostalgists like myself and like a certain automobile engineer I know who, when his children are in bed, unlocks a large secret room in his cellar and plays with his miniature Union Pacific into the small hours.

There is plenty of historical material in Mr. Van Metre's book. Some of the pictures which stir my memory of what I call real honest to goodness trains will astonish and amuse the streamlined youngster, but they will waken him, too, to the long, tough road behind the modern miracle. History, however, does not dominate the book; indeed, the modern pictures are in the great majority and the big aerodynamic, Diesel-electric jobs of the 1930's and '40's are treated in the text in full detail. Also, in his arrangement of picture material, the author has kept the modern scene in constant view of the reader so the historic beginnings stand in contrast to it.

Especially valuable is the chapter on operation. Here are the intricate problems of switching, signalling; schedules, train "classes," dispatching,

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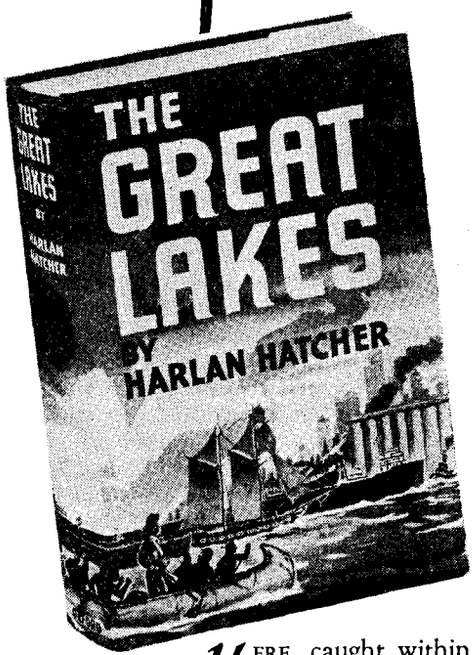

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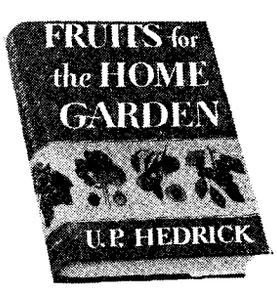

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blocks, track circuits, and interlocking in their evolution from the simple, dangerous, pre-telegraph days to the late devices of "centralized traffic control." These things are intimately presented from the point of view of the human operator. Other chapters tell of track maintenance, care and cleaning of passenger cars and Pullman sleepers, of diners and their kitchens, of the handling of laundry, ice, mail, express, tickets, and a thousand other details about which most of the travelling public are in the dark. So the reader of this book will take new pleasure even in a short train trip; he will know why wheels squeak, why the whistle blows twice or four times, why torpedoes crack and fuses shoot and red lights flash, and what the conductor says to the trainman.

The Sixth Edition of "Trains, Tracks and Travel" is not a mere job of patching. The whole book has been revised in the light of wartime exigencies. Some chapters have been rewritten and one new chapter on "How Our Railroads Went to War" has been added. This tells of the sudden impact of the war upon a transportation system not yet recovered from depression, and of how the demands not only of mobilization but those caused by ship sinkings were met. It is still an incredible story—a story mainly of the kind of efficiency by which "with forty-two million car-loadings in 1942, a far greater tonnage of freight was hauled than with fifty-two million car loadings in 1929." When it is realized how much the railroads have done to dissipate the shadow of "too little and too late" which darkened our war position in 1941, there will be less complaint with the lapses in present passenger traffic.

Mr. Van Metre's book should have a large sale to fathers at Christmas time and it is my bet that many copies will disappear from the boys' shelves before the holidays are over.

Inside the Andersons

LONELY BOY BLUES. By Alan Kapelner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 211 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

FROM the very outset of Alan Kapelner grips your attention, and that is due to the virtuosity of his writing. His book's opening is hard and shrill and consciously mannered, reminding you of some of the more comprehensible sketches that used to appear in *transition.* But as he moves along he gets under that bright, shallow texture, without losing style. He strikes a deeper and more significant note, because now he is obsessed with a story he wants to tell, rather than (as it seemed at first) with a technique he wants to exploit. "Lonely Boy Blues" is quite brief, and properly so, since its gist could be stated in a paragraph. It is a quick, immediate slice of the fortunes of the Anderson family. Old Harry Anderson works in a war plant and dreams of former glory, when he had the strength of youth. It is his own youth that he worships in Chesty, his son, who is to be inducted. There are two other sons—Joe, a tough boy, and Skinny, a maverick with the secret life of an introvert—and a daughter, Mabel. Mrs. Anderson, the lonely, groping, immolated mother, completes the cast.

Kapelner's book borrows intensity from its compact limits. He wants to get inside the Andersons, share their skins and their reactions and their self-knowledge. This means, as it has to mean, an employment of the stream of consciousness, varied enough to give us the separate feels and colors of their thoughts. He does very well with this, although I think he will do better when he discovers how to create the structure of a stream of consciousness so individualized that it is recognizable without labelling—in other words, when he can establish a consciousness as unique and personal as a face. He does it in some cases, particularly with Skinny, whose internal crying out against his dominant brother is beautifully done, and with Mabel, in revolt against the bonds of love her mother would fasten about her. Chesty and Joe and old Harry are not as separately done. It would be possible to interchange some of their musings without loss of balance, which ought not to be so. It is with some surprise that you realize the first two chapters were Chesty, a long inner monologue, because that isn't what he sounds like later on. These are some of the things Kapelner still has to master.

The novel is, despite its constant use of the stream device, a story rich in physical values, the shock of words and bodies in impact. We follow Joe and Skinny into the streets, to the billiard parlors and the movie, Harry to his job and his bar, Chesty to Times Square, the induction center, the lonely room, Mabel to Washington and independence and her lover's bed. Clash between Joe and Skinny, between Mabel and her mother, between Harry and the men at the bar, fills the pages with tension, with always a vivid sense of background, the noise in the streets, the angle of buildings. Yet the best

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thing Kapelner has done here is to draw out of this core of physical experience its universal values, so that at the heights of their anguish the Andersons seem to be living beyond themselves, to be enacting a folk passion. What happens is that an old man dreams of his youth, his wife dies, his son is rejected by the army, his daughter cuts away from all protecting control. But what we learn, beneath these things, is the collective despair of a people tried beyond their powers. We feel within their bodies, like essences, the raw strength of desire, the enervating bitterness of frustration, the opiate dreams.

"Lonely Boy Blues" is a good title for Mr. Kapelner's book. It suggests the musical unity this little volume has, the jagged rhythm, and the cacophany of its prose. We may argue, if we wish, with the unrelieved gloom of the piece. What, not even one ray of light anywhere? No small alleviation, no single triumph, or temporary gladness? Life has these; it wouldn't be unrealistic to permit them to appear. But these are the lonely boy blues, a short composition in one key, and admirably done. I must admit to a great anxiety to see Mr. Kapelner's next book. If this is an augury of what is to come, it should be a good book indeed.

An exciting and memorable novel
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by Margaret Shedd

A significant and provocative theme underlies the romance in this absorbing novel —the triumph of the decent people of the world over the forces of evil. Blind Jonathan Stone comes to Central America to help these people of good will; the story of his love for Clare and his vital mission makes a beautifully written novel by "an original and striking new talent among contemporary American novelists."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* $2.50

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Latin Americana

THE GREEN CONTINENT. An anthology selected and edited by Germán Arciniegas. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 533 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by NORMAN TAYLOR

THIRTY years is a long time to harbor an impression that one is too cowardly or too polite to reveal. But no more courageous commentator has appeared until the publication of this book, which confirms a suspicion—garnered after much travel in Latin America.

The idea is not to be found in the welter of travel books that clutter the counters and, for all of me, it might have been decently buried but for the appearance of "The Green Continent," an anthology of thirty Latin American writers, some of it delightful for its clarity and candor.

It is doubtful whether anyone but these authors could or should be so explicit about Latin America. For they state quite plainly that what ails most of the republics can be charged to two things—Spain and the Church of Rome. And the irony of it is that it is precisely these things that have most impressed American travellers. For in them one finds the welding of the incomparable art and architecture of the Moors—the patio, lovely old churches and cloisters, their extraordinary feeling for decorative iron work, their balconies, their gardens—all the pattern of Latin life. No casual tourist dreams that there are sinister backgrounds to this enthralling tapestry.

But José Rodo knows better. It matters not that he is writing of Montalvo's struggle in Ecuador, for he sees clearly one of the forces that has strangled enlightenment over much of Latin America. He writes:

> Not a book came through the customs or from the presses without the approval of the church. Behind the President . . . was the Company of Jesus. Public instruction was in the hands of the Jesuits and at times the Minister of Education was chosen from their tonsured ranks . . . from a dozen different directions there came a flood of monkish immigration, the offscourings of all the monasteries of the world, to infect the cities with the plague of their parasitic laziness. . . .

As to the influence of Spain, it is scarcely worth laboring the point. But Baldomero Sanin Cano states it clearly when he says that while "Spain had given it its initial impulse with the conquest and the colonization," the region suffers from the "inferiority of Spain's literary, scientific, and industrial culture."

With such handicaps it is no wonder that the different republics have, in

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their fight for freedom, suffered a series of revolutions, some of which drifted off into more rapine and bloodletting. The editor of this, Germán Arciniegas, puts it frankly when he says: "During the past century civil war was a natural way of life in our America." Even today, practically all the republics are still ruled by a military dictatorship—notably, and on a big scale, Brazil and Argentina. Costa Rica is the nearest thing to a democracy as we understand the term.

In a book so large and so varied, it is impossible to deal fairly with each essay. The arrangement of material separates them into "Landscape and Man" (ten essays); "The March of Time" (five essays); "Bronzes and Marbles" (seven biographical selections); "The Cities" (Rio, Buenos Aires, Mexico City, Lima, and Cartagena); "The Color of Life" (six essays), and a section on the thirty contributors.

Perhaps the finest essay in the book is by Victoria Ocampo, a talented Argentinian editor, educated in France and England. Her piece on "The Lakes of the South" reveals not only the sophisticate's terror of disillusionment at a much touted resort, but the charm of finding that the lakes of Chile and the Southern Argentine are worth loving. She found the trip not "just travel." "I went there to take possession of a piece of land that belonged to me, for I have loved it with that special love that pays the price of things better than money."

Not such a fortunate selection is from "The Vortex," by José Eustasio Rivera. Amazonian jungles are terrifying or beautiful, depending upon whether one favors the "Green Hell" or "Green Mansions" type of literature. For it is not the jungle but what one takes into it that makes it dreadful, enchanting, or a botanist's paradise. To the author of "The Vortex," plants comprise "tangled misanthropic undergrowth" or "the aphrodisiac parasite that covers the ground with dead insects, the disgusting blooms that throb with sensual palpitations, their sticky smell intoxicating as a drug—." All of which is sheer nonsense.

To most of us it will be a revelation to hear of those almost legendary figures of Latin America like Sarmiento, who was certainly among the most enlightened citizens of the world. His "Facundo ó la civilizacion y la barbarie" was translated into English, and Rodin made a bronze statue of him. It stands today in Buenos Aires, for Sarmiento dedicated his life to the battle for civilization and against barbarism. One of the greatest educators of his time, he was subsequently elected President of Argentina, following a regime under which a gestapo flourished, long before the term was invented.

As a whole the book can be earnestly recommended to all those who want to know more about our neighbors to the south. Some of the articles smack of Rotary-cum-Cook's Tours. But most of them give, in their own words, a view of Latin America by Latins that the ordinary reader will get nowhere else. One might wish for a description of that "very loyal" and ancient shrine of Antigua. Some of our Negroes will squirm at the essay "Poor Nigger," by Rómulo Gallegos. But choosing thirty selections to tell such a many-faceted story has not been easy and no editor can please everyone. The book is the best possible antidote for those who know too little and talk too much about Latin America. As a reference book it would be helped by an index.

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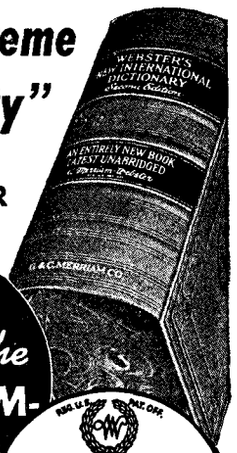

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FRENCH LITERATURE EMERGES FROM THE BLACKOUT

(*Continued from page* 13)

born in suffering and enslavement. Some of them surely will carry the torch for the two great laureates of the underground, Louis Aragon and Paul Éluard.

Mobilized at the beginning of the war, Aragon had his poems published in the service magazine *Poètes Casqués.* These were later collected in his widely read volume *"Le Crèvecoeur."* Of his later work *"Le Musée Grévin"* is acclaimed as a masterpiece of underground letters.

Paul Éluard's *"Une Seule Pensée,"* a *Marsellaise* quoted in Geneva, Algiers, New York, and Moscow, was taken from his *"Poésie et Vérité,"* denounced by the Nazis as dangerous. At grave risk and with selfless zeal he collected the work of young war poets and published it in the anthologies *"Honneur des Poètes"* and *"Europe."* In his *"Armes de la Douleur"* speaks the voice of France in chains.

During the occupation M. Duhamel dedicated his life to rallying the cultural forces of France against the evil forces of Nazism. But his pen was not still. Despite the *"Verboten"* stamp on his work and the burning of one whole edition, he wrote seven new books. Two are volumes of memoirs.

Directly and indirectly, at home and abroad, the other great writers of France took part in the fight for freedom. Claudel, Valéry, Maritain, Gide, Bernanos, Rolland can answer present when the roll of honor is called. Crémieux died at the hands of the Nazis. Saint-Exupéry? Dead, the French fear, in the cause of liberty.

And what of the bought writers, the weak brothers, the hollow men of the Vichy wasteland? Maybe their former masters in Germany will read them. Maybe they will read one another. The French will not. Long ago they cast the stigma of boycott on collaborationists. The booksellers of the liberated republic refuse to handle the works of the French Naziphiles. The National Committee of Authors is turning a cold shoulder on any book publishing house, magazine, or newspaper that prints a manuscript signed by a collaborationist or near-collaborationist writer.

M. Duhamel believes in meting out to the vanquished Germans "punishment, but not vengeance." That seems to be his compatriots' attitude toward the weaklings who threw in their lot with the invader, justifying their action by saying: "We have become part of the victorious force." The French shot the French Goebbels, Philippe Henriot. His henchmen they doom to lingering death of the spirit through neglect, scorn, and disgrace.

As I left M. Duhamel and took the curved gravel path to rue Liège I looked at my newly autographed copy of *"La Vie des Martyrs."* In 1939 this stirring masterpiece of World War I reached its 116th edition. I thought about M. Duhamel's memoirs, written in the anguished servitude of World War II. By time the memoirs reach their 116th edition, what of the world?

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1944.

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. R. Cominsky, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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The Phoenix Nest

THE FRUIT

IT is good to drink whiskey,
to clasp a woman,
to sing in the morning,
to scan the sky,
to laugh and be frisky,
to love and be human—
but what if you die?

Well, die you must,
die you will surely!
Sifted to dust
that phenomenal brain!
Your love and your lust,
the thought you thought purely,
will not remain.

Or will they remain—
if lovers and thinkers,
touched by the beauty
of sea or sky,
feel, as it were
like a nag in blinkers,
their life go by?

Pierced then to the root
by confounding glory,
hear them cry, "Oh look!"
hear them shout, "Oh see!"
That'll be the fruit
of your ignorant story,
as it will with me.

Governor Dewey seems to have made a neat campaign on the New Deal platform. Whatever became of the Republican platform? It wasn't too good. He was right about that. But the New Deal platform still has the stuff. The President can be grateful that the Gov. has broken a lot of ground for the President merely to come forward and point out "who fished the murex up." I don't think Tom Dewey knows much about murexes—or is it murices? I see that a few pious Senators are just hoping like anything that there won't be any great unemployment after the war, because it's just been perfectly impossible for them to arrange to do anything about such an eventuality. It's just too bad, isn't it? They do try *so* hard!

They took such good care of the poor old enfeebled, broken-down war contractors who always demanded, in their high-minded work for the Government, the greatest profit and the least possible risk; but the war *workers*—ah, you don't understand, that's a difficult problem! Maybe after election they'll do something.

How Henry Wallace keeps on growing! It's wonderful to see the many petty reactions to him. History loves to repeat. "Those who believe in human rights as a first love and a first duty shall win the peace." I liked his quotation from the President, too, when Roosevelt said of Senator Norris, "Senator Norris, I go along with you because it is my honest belief that you follow in their footsteps—radical like Jefferson, demagogue like Jackson, idealist like Lincoln, wild like Theodore Roosevelt, theorist like Wilson—dare to be all of these, as you have in bygone years." That's what we say to Wallace today, too! Read a fine poem on Senator Norris by John Beecher in *The New Republic* for September 11! Wallace said another fine thing, when he recently spoke to the Independent Voters of the Arts and Sciences that are helping reëlect Roosevelt. He said, "The man who would approach the business of government leadership in fear and accusation, shall not merit the confidence of a work-willing people." "Jobs for All, in Health and in Security. Protect the People in Reconversion." Wallace knows the workers, the farmers, the small business men. He says quietly, *"You cannot scare America!"* It was Woodrow Wilson who said, "The real wisdom of human life is compounded out of the experiences of ordinary men. . . . The great struggling unknown masses of the men who are at the base of everything are the dynamic force that is lifting the levels of society."

Pick up a few of those sayings, Governor, and quote them! They're good stuff.

I've been reading a book I like by Compton Mackenzie who, in my comparative youth, wrote several novels I liked. This book, published this year by E. P. Dutton & Co., is called "Mr. Roosevelt" and ought to be in every Roosevelt voter's hands. It is admittedly an appraisal by one not an American. But Mackenzie knows a lot about F. D. R. and about us Americans, and he says some very good things. I like this paragraph, for instance, toward the end of the book:

> Whether mankind is happier because printing was invented, because the motive power of steam was discovered, or because the internal-combustion engine was perfected may be doubted. What may not be doubted is that God Himself cannot restore mankind to a prior state. Adam and Eve found that out to their cost. Nevertheless, such is the natural acquisitiveness and conservativism of human nature that not even yet is man completely convinced that there really is no device for eating his cake and having it. He expects to drive a sixty-horsepower car but preserve a one-horse mind, and that usually in blinkers. He aspires, without inconvenience to his personal liberty, to benefit from the ever increasingly complicated organism of a world which is to the world of barely a quarter of a century ago as an orange to a pumpkin. It cannot be done, and one may suppose that by the time the First World War came to an end, and the pumpkin already showed signs of shrinking, Franklin D. Roosevelt had given up supposing that it could. If he had any lingering doubts left, they were dispelled on that

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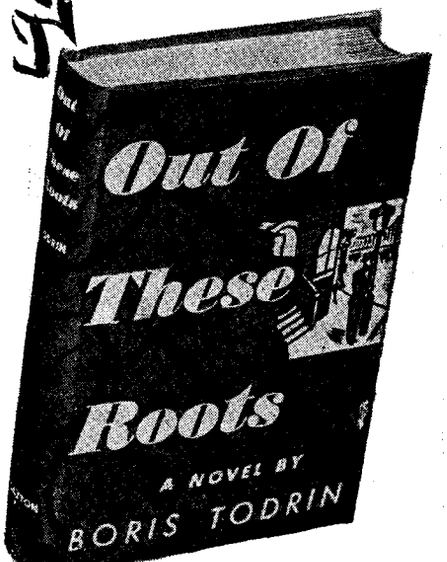

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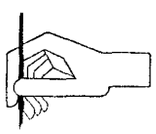
September day in 1929 when the iridescent haze over Wall Street went with the wind and it was revealed to be as ineffective an anachronism as the Great Wall of China itself.

I've also been reading two enormously clever English literary men who have both become mystics, Aldous Huxley and W. H. Auden. "Time Must Have a Stop" and "For the Time Being" are both worth reading. You will notice that they both refer to time. Auden has also edited recently a selected Tennyson in which he throws out all of the "Idylls of the King" because that was Tennyson's most mid-Victorian period. He may be right, yet I should think he might have kept one or two. Also when he says Tennyson, though with the finest ear, he admits, was the stupidest English poet that ever lived, I don't quite follow him. Tennyson is one of the few poets who knew what was going on in the thought of his time and still transmits to us the nature of those issues, even though some of his "opinions" were terrible.



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Of course, to some it seems that a poet shouldn't speak of his "times," even as when Tennyson foresees, in "Locksley Hall," the air-traffic of the future. Huxley doesn't like a poet to do that. When Uncle Eustace is talking to Sebastian, the young poet, about Chaucer, he exclaims in praise, "Living through the forty disastrous years after the Black Death with only one reference to the troubles in the whole of his writings—and that a comic reference!" Much as I may agree with Uncle Eustace that, save for Dante's being "the second greatest virtuoso of language that ever lived" (I'll take his word for it, not reading Italian!) Chaucer must be the greater poet, without all the pettiness of reward and revenge for friends and foes,—much as I agree with that, I do not greatly admire Chaucer's feat of staying completely out of the troubles of his time in his poetry. What's so great about it? To return to W. H. Auden, the libretto he has written as a pendant to "The Tempest," and his Christmas poem, are worth your attention. Several of the lyrics are among the best things he has done.

Arthur Kohlenburg, of the United States Army, writes me that I was wrong about Dorothy Thompson's use of "logistics." He proves I was wrong. So I owe Miss Thompson an apology. I should have had the complete Merriam-Webster up in the country, instead of the unsatisfactory edition I did have. He says:

> In the past few years "logistics" has been used consistently by logicians as synonymous with "logic." Whether this usage arose initially from ignorance or intent I do not know, but I adduce as an example "A New System of Logistics" by Willard van Orman Quine, a book on mathematical logic.

Nevertheless, I prefer F. D. R.'s usage, when he spoke of "the logistics of peace" before Dan Tobin's outfit!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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The Crostics Club

SGT. A. BLOCK writes again, this time from a hospital bed in Saipan whither he was sent to help in a study and eradication of the mosquitoes that carry dengue (or "breakbone" fever, a non-fatal but extremely annoying infection), only to be a victim of it himself. He got his DC to his wife finally through a censor; at least he hopes it reached her, and on the way by plane to Saipan he worked the DC of the 20th Anniversary Issue. Series 16 has been sent to him.

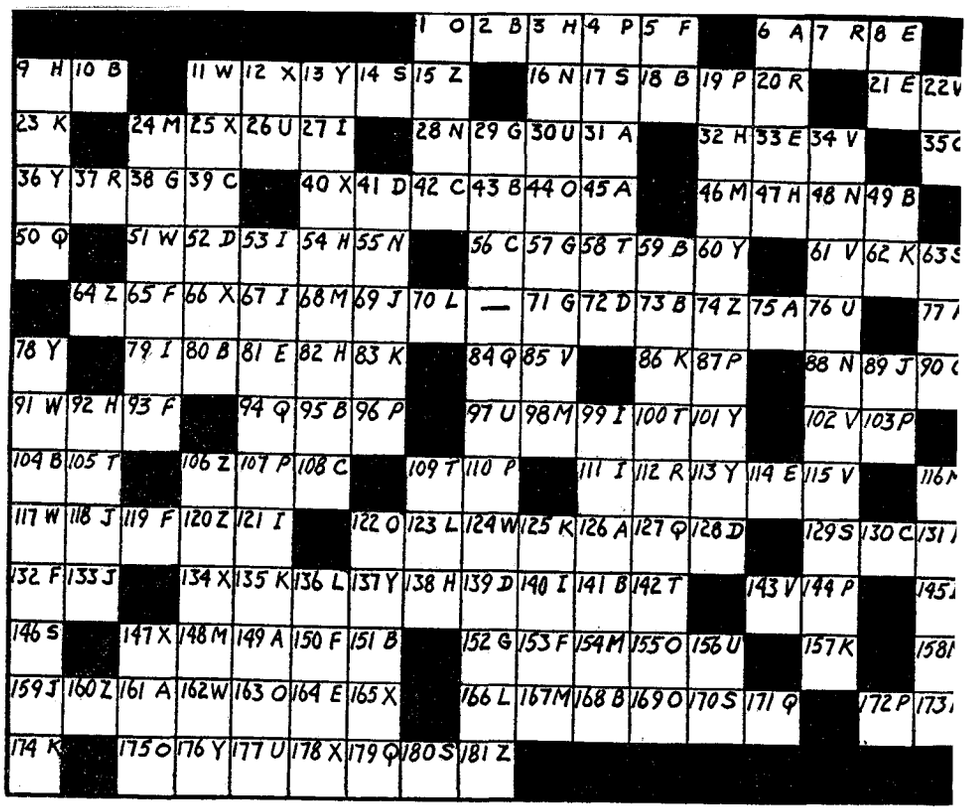
Do you ever keep track of coincidences in your lives? Begin now for curiously interesting amusement in years to come. I wish I had. Francis Hackett's "Henry VIII" accompanied me to Toronto. John Chamberlain later that week in the daily *New York Times* book review introduced his successor, Francis Hackett. J. C. mentioned his "colorful" "Henry VIII" but preferred to introduce him by a book published in 1940, "I Chose Denmark." Commenting on the latter book, J. C. suggested that it was a natural choice for Hackett since his wife, Signe Toksvig, was a Dane. Now in Series 17 you will find a quotation from her "Biography of Hans Christian Andersen," but I had not heard of her until I selected that work for Series 17. Then I noted that "Henry VIII" is dedicated to her. Today in listening to the CBS program "Invitation to Learning," I heard that she is to share in next Sunday's program.

An experience of Edward W. Weiler, N. Y. City, fits right in here. He had found difficulty in DC 547 with "Owner of a vineyard greatly coveted (Bib.)" and had laid the puzzle aside for further consideration. Next night while listening sleepily to "Information Please" he caught a question involving Bible queens in which Jezebel and Naboth figured. He picked up his DC, filled in *Naboth*, and proceeded to the end.

In the elevator of the hotel Saturday I was opening the week's *SRL* just received to see which DC they had used that week. A lady in the elevator, noting the DC page, exclaimed, "Oh, so you are a DC fan, too?" Whereupon followed an amusing chat in my room. She was Mrs. James Bland Martin of Virginia, wife of a Naval officer whom she comes to N. Y. to see on his return from assignments. She is evidently a DC propagandist among Navy officers and has introduced them to many.

The MS of Series 17 was delayed in transit to the proofreader by the hurricane which struck in full force the section of Martha's Vineyard where she has her summer home. Aghast as she later approached the express office, she noted that the pier in which it was located was completely wrecked but—the packet was safely tucked away in an inland office whither the freight had been ordered by Boston order just before the hurricane broke.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 551

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 59 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Alertly conscious or appreciative of (2 wds.)

B. Every part; wholly; completely (3 wds.)

C. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court (1864-73).

D. Feminine character in "Adam Bede" (first name).

E. River in W. Siberia, 2200 mi. long.

F. The oldest epic fragment in the Teutonic languages.

G. One of "Information Please" experts.

H. English jurist whose text is the basis for Sir Edward Coke's "Commentary," etc.

I. Division of the Alps.

J. English soldier or sailor (slang).

K. Comedy by Terence (160 B. C.)

L. Belgium mfg. comm., seat of 1914 battle.

M. Destitute of force or energy.

N. His ears were changed to ass's ears by Apollo.

O. Impressed suddenly with wonder.

P. French clockmaker of Germany who claimed to be the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

Q. Subject of dedication of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

R. English composer for whom Byron wrote "Hebrew Melodies" (1791-1864).

S. English publisher with bookshop in St. Paul's Churchyard (1744).

T. River in French Equatorial Africa.

U. Mountains in France.

V. Dynasty of Denmark, 1047-1375.

W. Plants of the class *Musci*.

X. Unavailing.

Y. Name of 4 Popes (beginning with 654-57).

Z. To construct anew.

WORDS

161 6 126 75 31 45 149

43 10 18 80 73 59 151 104 49 95 141 168 [illegible]

42 130 56 39 108

139 41 72 52 128

81 164 21 114 8 33

119 5 150 153 65 132 93

152 38 29 57 71

92 131 32 47 82 3 138 54 9

27 53 67 99 145 140 111 121 79

159 69 118 133 89

157 174 23 83 125 62 135 86

136 123 70 166

158 154 24 167 98 148 68 116 46

88 48 55 16 28

175 35 44 90 1 169 163 122 155

144 172 19 107 96 103 4 87 110

50 84 127 171 94 179

173 77 20 112 7 37

14 63 129 17 170 180 146

109 142 58 100 105

30 26 177 97 156 76

34 85 61 115 143 102 22

124 117 11 51 91 162

147 12 25 178 66 165 134 40

113 13 60 137 101 36 176 78

120 181 64 106 15 160 74

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A Difficult Problem Solved

During the past year publishing houses have been faced by stringent rationing of paper at a time when sales of books were on the increase. On the whole they have met the challenge successfully through careful planning of lists and through reduction in the physical size of their books.

For the firm of Harper & Brothers, the problem has been particularly difficult due to the fact that in 1944 two Harper books led the fiction and non-fiction lists of best sellers for many weeks: Betty Smith's *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* and Sumner Welles' *The Time for Decision.* Nevertheless it has been possible for Harpers to avoid rationing so that each new publication has been kept in print. This policy will be maintained.

During 1944 Harpers will have published for the general reader twenty-five books of fiction (including 8 first novels) and forty-six books of non-fiction. In addition, dozens of new titles have been added to the House's educational, technical, religious, business, juvenile and medical lists.

The following Harper titles for the general reader have appeared this year in the *New York Herald Tribune* best seller tabulations:

LOUIS ADAMIC ★ My Native Land
LOUIS BROMFIELD ★ What Became of Anna Bolton
S. A. CONSTANTINO, Jr. ★ Amen, Amen
MARTIN FLAVIN ★ Journey in the Dark
HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK ★ On Being a Real Person
JOHN GUNTHER ★ D Day
FANNIE HURST ★ Hallelujah
ALDOUS HUXLEY ★ Time Must Have a Stop
GERALD W. JOHNSON ★ Woodrow Wilson
ANDRE MAUROIS ★ The Miracle of America
I. V. MORRIS ★ Liberty Street
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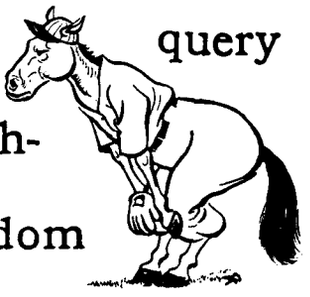
For SRL readers, one of the interesting features of Essandess' Fall List is TRY AND STOP ME, a collection of anecdotes and stories, mostly humorous,

edited by Bennett Cerf, and copiously and hilariously illustrated by Carl Rose. To answer the reader's natural query



as to why Simon and Schuster is publishing a book by the President of Random House—well, Mr. Cerf, a modest man, does not feel he can give this book, under his imprint, the sort of tremendous promotion he feels it deserves. Like this.

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